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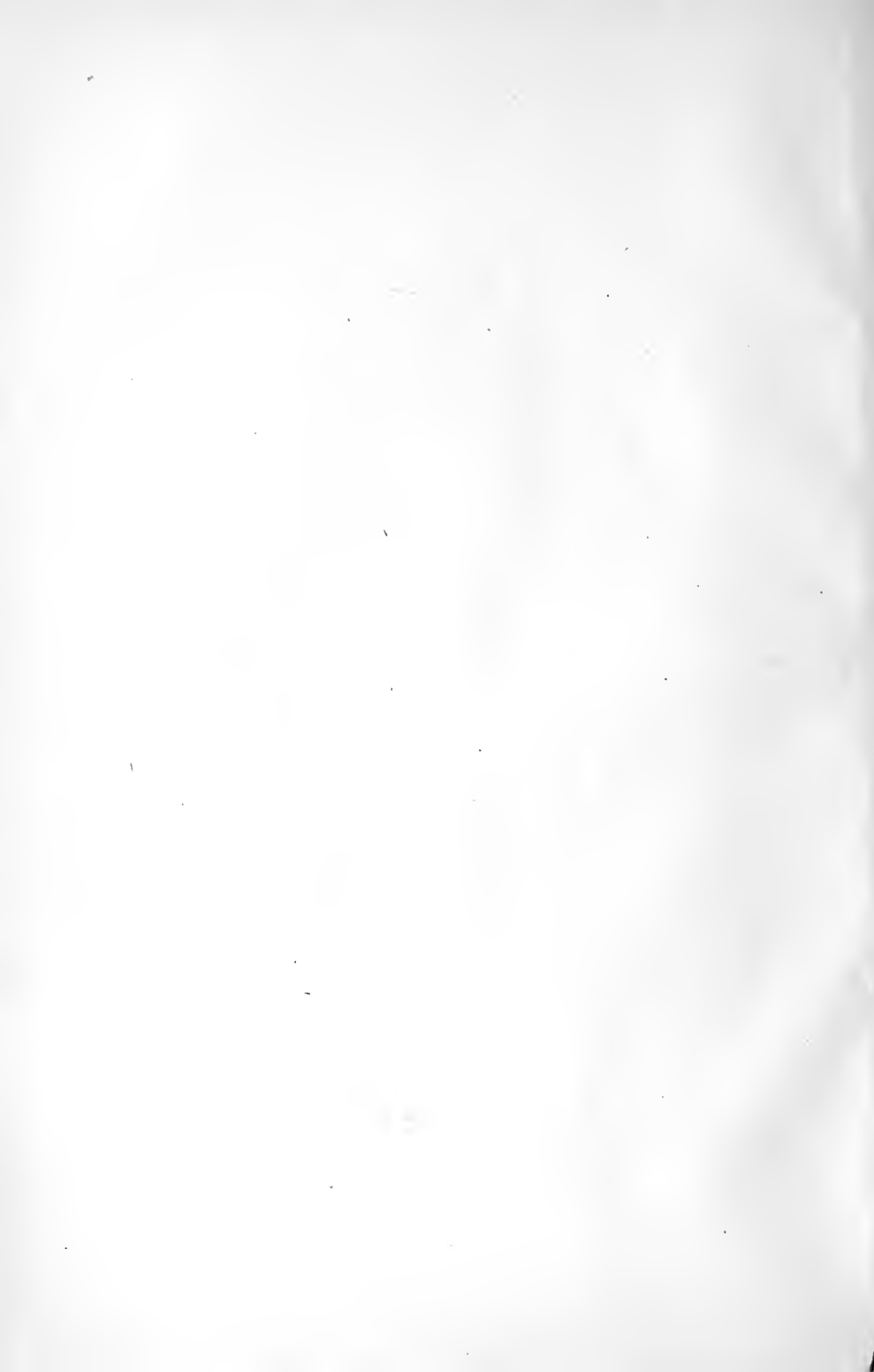
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# OUT ON LONG ISLAND

ILLUSTRATED

IT IS A GOODLY SIGHT TO SEE  
WHAT HEAVEN HATH DONE FOR THIS DELICIOUS LAND

— BYRON

L. I. railroad co.



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SOMEWHERE in the romances of art there is the story of a famous artist who desired to paint the face of the child Christ. He crossed the continent and searched through Palestine, peered into the faces of the children of Jerusalem, and among the homes of Nazareth. But, finding nowhere the ideal of his dreams, he returned baffled to his home and took up again his daily work. And one day, in the very street of his own home, he saw the face of his visions, painted it upon his canvas, and made his fame immortal.

For all the years the tired workers and pleasure seekers of New York and Brooklyn have been searching the country over for places for their summer homes. The White Mountains, the Catskills, the Thousand Islands, Saratoga, and Lake George have been thronged with tourists from New York, while at their very doors Long Island has held in waiting every variety of beauty, scenery of entrancing loveliness, air fresh with the salt breezes of the sea and sweetened with the balsams of its pines and spruces. The fish have fattened in its ponds, and the breakers have thundered on its beaches.

Great fleets of steamers have carried the lovers of antiquity to the old world, that they might see the quaint oddities of its old towns, and because the world's vision is always far-sighted and sees the distant, while it is blind to the beauty that is near at hand, the old doggerel has ever been verified :

“ Madam Dill  
Is very ill,  
And nothing will improve her,  
Until she sees  
The Tuilleries,  
And waddles through the Louvre.”

And yet, Long Island has hills as fair as the Scottish Highlands, cliffs that well-nigh rival those of Dover, quaint towns as curious as those of Normandy, gable-roofed cottages and windmills as antique as those of Holland, while in its summer cities by the sea Vanity

Fair has as curious masquerades of pleasure seekers as any in the old world.

It is historic ground ; battles have here been fought, and great frigates have anchored in its harbors. The Dutch here made early settlements, and left their relics in house and custom. There are old records on church registers of the marriages of those who crossed in the *Mayflower*. Almost every town has its romance of exile and heroism ; poets who have sung the songs which echoed round the world had their cradles and their graves here. The shores are rich with the wreckage of the sea, and superstition has its tale of wonder in every village. There are towns whose streets are quaint with the architecture of the old world, and not a few natives trace back an unbroken descent from the good old days

“ When George the Third was King.”

Long Island is rich in legendary relics of the Indian days. The



LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT.

ashes of the camp-fires are hardly yet cool, and the wild blood of the Indian aborigines has hardly yet fully mingled with that of the "pale face."

New York has become one of the great cities of the world, because it is the gateway of a continent. The sea has dowried it with riches. And yet Long Island is its only seaboard. There are States not larger than Long Island. One hundred and twenty miles in length, from eight to twenty broad ; within this area there is all that heart can wish and industry desire. Through the wise enterprise of the Long Island Railroad Company, with its several hundred trains a day, this wonderland, so long unknown, is taking its rightful place as one of the fairest portions of the Empire State. Great resorts grow populous. The tide of emigration is setting eastward from the metropolis, industry is tickling the swift island with the plough, and it responds with laughing harvests. Wealth is lining the shores with villas, and the great middle classes are finding homes in the pleasant island village contiguous to the cities. While there has been none of the artificial excitement of "Western booms," there has been a phenomenal growth in the towns and villages of the island, so that "out on the Island" now is a familiar phrase to the dwellers in the great cities of New York and Brooklyn.

Long Island may be conveniently divided into three divisions. From the same starting-points in Long Island City and Brooklyn the trains leave for the central portion, the south and north shores.

The central part is a great plain. In places, for miles one passes over great prairie-like reaches, dotted with forests of fir and pine, with soil clean and easily worked. John Randolph said that the soil of Virginia was poor by nature and ruined by cultivation, and so to the casual tourist the soil of Long Island seems unfertile ; but turn it with the plough, and throw the seed into it, and it rewards toil with plenty. It seems as if Nature, knowing how tired human brains would get in the great hurryings of the city, had set this great central belt midway here between the sea and the Sound, as a sanitarium for the healing of sick nerves and spent brains ; for here are

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,"

and in this porous soil there is no feeding-place of malaria, and the air, washed clean with the sweet baptisms of the sea, brings invigoration in every breeze, while there is room enough for the tired

thousands, who at night would escape the cities' heats, to touch old Mother Nature and rise up strong for the new day's work.

The south side is the sea side of the island ; but as if, in her great kindness to this "snug little, tight little island," Nature desired to guard it from the raw, untempered sea, she has made a break-water between the island and the ocean, and behind this outer rampart she has for sixty miles placed the Great South Bay, which is a kind of inner lake, with waters smooth and sunny on summer days, but having in it a touch of the old fury of the sea when occasion calls. Along the shores of this bay there are inlets, bays, and coves ; into it the streams run, and along it there are villages which once were filled with those who tilled the land and spread their nets within the waters, who made the towns quaint with curious streets and lanes, and kept alive the old customs of the good old days. In recent years the summer throngs have filled these villages. The dog-cart and the tally-ho are seen within the streets ; the old clocks and heirlooms have been bought and are now

" Hung up for ornament ; "

the village pastures are cut up into villa lots ; great hotels are in the places where the fishers dried their nets, and land that was once given away by the acre is now sold by the foot. But Nature has been very prodigal of her charms here upon this old island. The Great South Bay is a splendid institution ; but even that would have been overdone if it had bounded the island along its entire length. And so, at either end of it the sea comes up and has direct dealings with the island, and without a foot of intervening sand or island it pours the whole torrent of three thousand miles of sea upon the beaches. And what superb things these beaches are ! As smooth as ivory and almost as white. No quicksands here, nor treacherous undertow of backward sweeping currents, but good, honest, hearty, noisy breakers, pounding on beaches hard as adamant ! Nowhere on the Atlantic coast are there greater reaches of white sand, and along these magnificent shores there are great hotels, and small hotels, every wonderment of summer merriment and pleasure, bands of world-wide fame, a great phantasmagoria, to which half the multitudes of the great cities go, and to whose dazzling brilliancy of scene the tourists of the world come to be amazed. And at the other end



Nature gives another turn to her kaleidoscope, and here she has built behind the beaches high hills of sand, as though she knew that the ocean was a treacherous thing, and needed some mighty rampart to keep her back from the great continent. From these one looks down and out upon the sea. Had he but vision strong enough he could look straight across to the old world without one intervening thing. The sea is flecked with sails, and tired watchers on the deck see these white cliffs as the first token of their voyage's end, and on and on these beaches go, eastward and northward, the cliffs broken here and there, until at last the end is reached in Montauk Point, where the island culminates in a great cliff of grandeur.

These things are on the seaward side. Backward the cliffs slope with gentle declivity into fertile fields. There are winding roads leading to pleasant towns, not spoiled by art or fashion, but having a simple life and simple ways, taking just pride in the relics of an honorable past, not anxious for rapid growth, but having the old-time virtues of hospitality and friendliness.

The north side of the island faces Long Island Sound. It is a noted place, and not even the far-famed St. George's Channel is such a waterway as this. The traffic of New England and not a little of the ocean commerce passes here ; for many years the Sound steamers, at early morn and eve, have passed up and down with their stately beauty. There have been many tragedies on this watercourse, and it is famous not only for its exceeding beauty, but for the memorable events that have happened here. Long Island along the north shore is bold and precipitous. The Sound makes many indentations of deep bays or harbors, and on either side of this the land is high and wooded with the finest growth of timber. There are villages and farms, pleasant villas and homes embowered with trees, winding roads skirting the bays with little vessels in the harbors and along the shore, shipyards where once great ships were built. The grandeur here is not of the sea, as it is upon the island's other side, but it is of mingled land and water. Beyond, northward, are the shores of Connecticut, just far enough away to have the misty glamour which Nature loves, with her artless coquetry, to spread before her face. There is the glimmer of city spires, the white gleam of town and village, the upward rising land, which stands like lesser mountains against the sky. And near at hand are the blue waters of the Sound, not always smooth, but having wayward moods of passion when the storm is on. For the lover of

beauty the north side is rich. There is grandeur in these high ramparts of land which separate the harbors. The shores are irregular, iron-bound with rock and boulder, on which the sea weeds have hung their draperies, while there are pleasant surprises of woodland nooks, winding paths and roads, with fertile farms such as one sees on New England hills, with soil as warm and rich as Nature ever made. There are staid and prosperous towns here, having all the comforts that years of prosperous industry and enterprise can bring. The invasion of the city is already felt. At morning and night the depots are surrounded with the carriages of those who go daily to the city to their business, and year by year the summer homes increase, the tide of travel swells, as the incomparable beauties and delights of the island are discovered. At the farther end of the island Shelter Island stands to

“Sentinel enchanted land.”

Beyond is still another island, and both of these have their own legends and traditions. There is no need that citizens of New York and Brooklyn should live within crowded tenements, or waste half their living on expensive rents, when for a small sum a home can be bought or built in some one of the many towns of Long Island. Summer boarding places can be found within easy distance of the cities at moderate cost, and men can go to and fro at small expense of time and money.

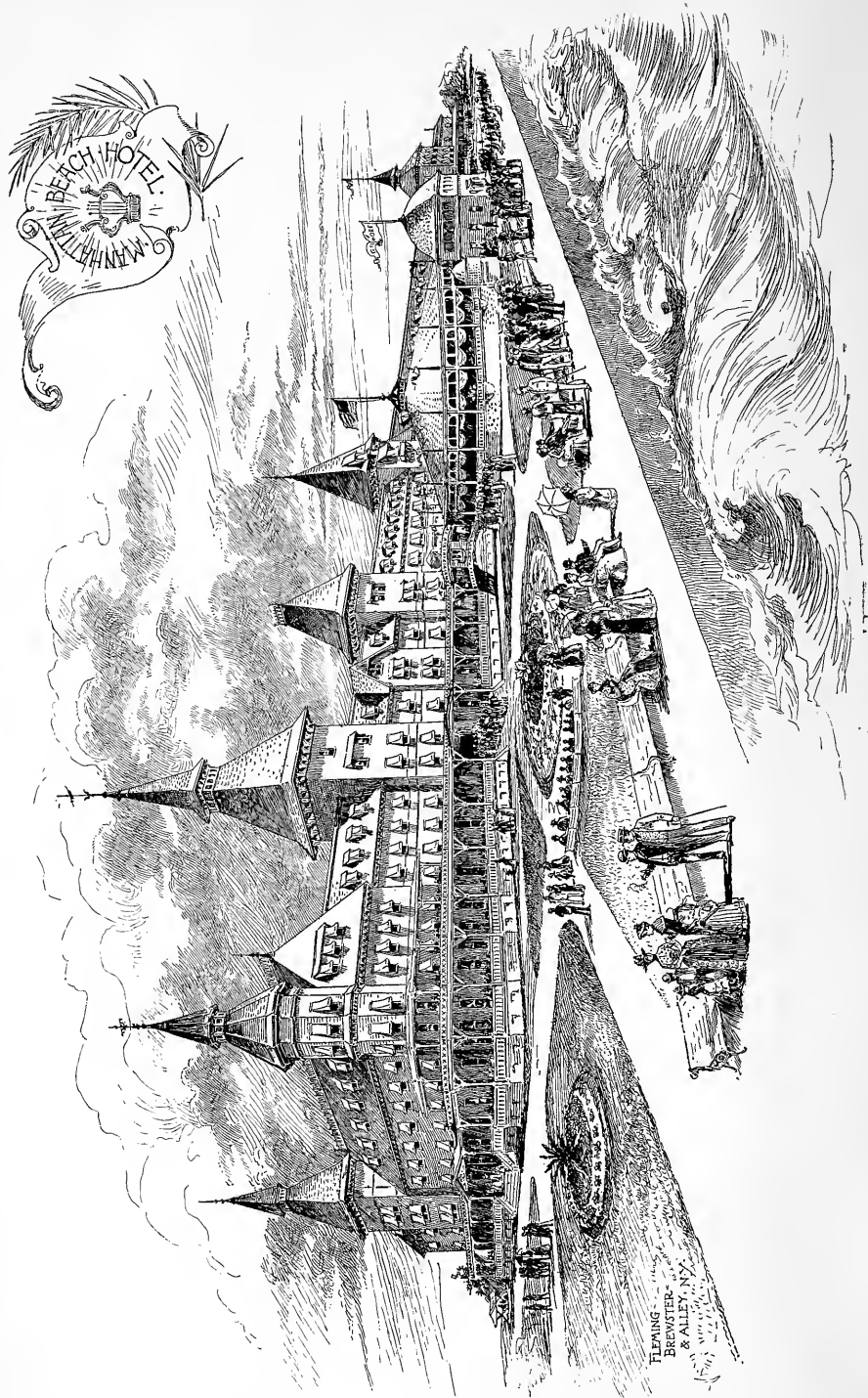
The Woodruff parlor coaches are attached to all the principal trains of the Long Island Railroad. They are handsomely appointed, and offer the traveler every convenience and comfort. The island from one end to the other is well supplied with the daily newspapers and periodicals by the Long Island News Company. New York morning papers are delivered at early hours every day and are sold on all the trains. During the season special Sunday trains are run to insure early distribution of newspapers.

Long Island offers every variety of scenery, an unrivaled climate and easy accessibility to the great cities. The time is not far distant when the entire island will be a suburban New York and Brooklyn, and if one is missed from his accustomed place in the great city the answer to the question, “Where is he?” will bring the response,

“OUT ON LONG ISLAND.”

## NEAR-BY SEASIDE RESORTS.

For years after the New Jersey ocean resorts were in the full tide of prosperity the broad, inviting beaches of Southern Long Island were unpopulated, and, with few exceptions, almost unvisited. But in the seventies it dawned on the minds of certain capitalists that right here, within a half-hour's ride of New York, was a series of the finest beaches in America—yes, in the world—and they resolved to develop them into watering-places, with what result of success the world knows. It spoils a day to go to Long Branch and home again, but the tired man of business can run down to Manhattan Beach with his family in thirty minutes, after office hours, take a bath in the surf, get an excellent dinner, listen to the music and see the fireworks, and be home and in bed an hour earlier than he would be if he spent the evening at the theatre. Coney Island is the most cosmopolitan of places. There is a sliding social scale extending from the West End to the elegant and exclusive Oriental Hotel at the East End with its adjacent miles of protected beach. Nowhere in America is there so famous a seaside resort as Manhattan Beach. It is the metropolis among summer cities of the country as New York is among the commercial cities. It is no unusual sight on a pleasant summer's day to witness over 100,000 people at this magnificent resort, and yet so large are the two hotels and so extensive the grounds about them that every one can have full measure of the enjoyment which he seeks. The Manhattan and Oriental are two of the largest and best hotels on Long Island, the former accommodating five hundred people and the latter seven hundred. These houses are equipped with every modern improvement, and the grounds they stand in are beautified with lawns and gardens. The cuisine is excellent, and both variety and abundance are assured. A broad promenade extends before them, furnished with seats that young people like to occupy when the moon rises, and it often takes a surprisingly long time for the moon to come up. The ride from the city is in itself a pleasant thing on a warm day, the temperature seeming to fall as the open cars—you can ride in the parlor cars if you prefer—speed over the green fields and through the cool and rustling forests. Arrived at Manhattan, many pleasures offer, chief among which is the bathing. The whole coast of Long Island is washed by a branch of the Gulf Stream, so the water has never the icy chill that shrivels the person who takes his



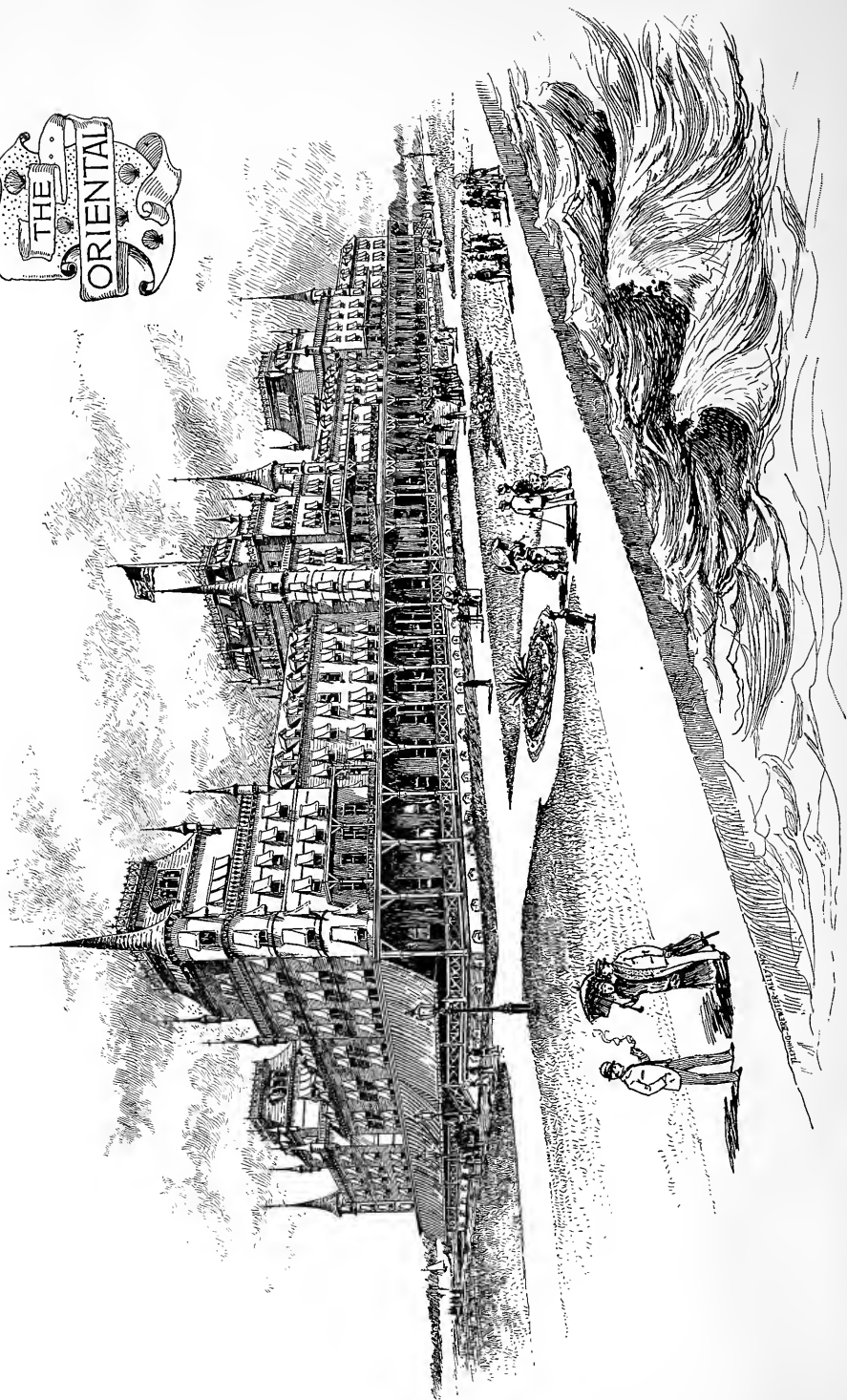
FLEMING -  
BREWSTER -  
& ALLEY, N.Y.



sea baths north of Cape Cod. There is a good surf, too ; not so heavy as to make an undertow, or to render it unsafe for ladies and children, but a good, bracing roll to the water that puts every one in a glow. Bathers at Manhattan have the advantage of a detached structure that screens them from promiscuous observation. The dresses and towels are absolutely clean, a matter of no small account, and valuables may be safely entrusted to the care of the clerks. Excellent music is to be heard at the spacious music pavilion, which is splendidly arranged with reference to acoustic properties, and Gilmore's famous band is frequently supplemented during the season by choral societies and distinguished soloists, and on Sundays clergymen of celebrity conduct divine worship. The amphitheatre is one of the best-constructed in the world, finely decorated within and without. As for Gilmore, everybody knows him. He is to the brass band what Theodore Thomas is to the orchestra, and the rich tone and grand sonority of his music have never been equaled by any other band in the country. From the time of his connection with the great jubilees in Boston, Mr. Gilmore has been the best-known musician in America, and his name has never been associated with a failure. So great an attraction are his concerts that thousands of people visit Manhattan Beach during the summer just to hear the music. Fire dramas, under supervision of Pain of London, are enacted on nearly every summer night in the great inclosure east of the hotel, hundreds of people assisting in the performance, boats navigating the lake between stage and audience, the show concluding with a dazzling exhibition of pyrotechnic devices.

Back of Manhattan Beach is the narrow Sheepshead Bay, thus named because of the fish known as sheepshead that abound there. It is a rendezvous for yachtsmen, and now that the cottagers who dwell on its shores have solved the drainage problem and have begun to beautify their streets and holdings, the village of Sheepshead Bay has sprung into prominence. The local population is greatly increased through the hot season by a summer colony of city folks, and on racing days thousands visit the Coney Island Jockey Club track, which is one of the amplest and best managed in the country.

Rockaway, the name of a long, sandy peninsula, is a corruption of Rekanawohaha, "Our Place of Laughing Waters." It was, a generation ago, a place of local celebrity, and was largely visited by city excursionists. Rockaway is still very popular. Clubs have



located there, pleasant cottages have been put up, and the hotels have been improved. Near the centre of the beach, among the dunes, stood the big hotel, the largest in the world, and a veritable elephant on the hands of its builders. It was never used, the opening having been legally prevented, and its doors being for years tied with legal red tape. During the present season the hotel will be removed and the land laid out in villa plots, which will make it one of the most notable places on the island. The bathing is fine, and back of the peninsula there is still water for swimmers and oarsmen who do not feel equal to buffeting with big waves. Music, museums, merry-go-rounds and refreshments entertain the crowds.

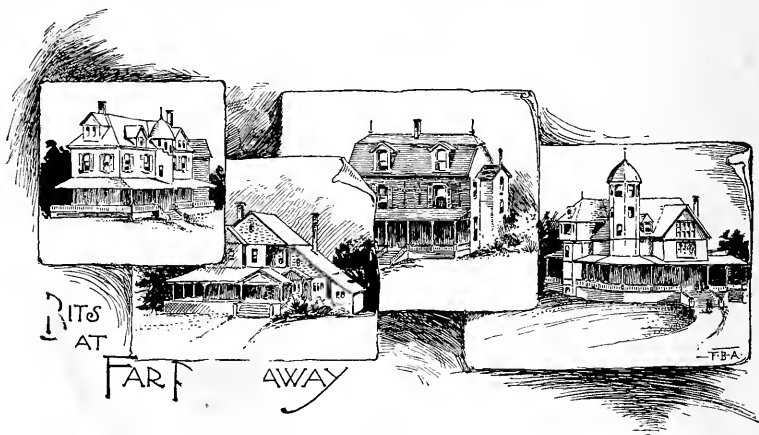
Following the Cedarhurst line along the Rockaway coast is Ocean Park, the site of a camp of the Rockaway Indians, and more recently a part of the estate known as Plum Place. Indian and revolutionary relics have been found there in abundance. The ground is high and dry, and commands beautiful sea-views that are enhanced by the foreground vistas of foliage, the main avenue, of double width and nearly a mile long, being lined with trees. Ocean Park is laid out in building lots, and the cottages thus far erected bespeak for it a select society.

Nameoke (the corruption of a word meaning "To the Water's Edge") joins Rockaway village on the southwest, and is a charming spot.

Arverne-by-the-Sea is a new resort, cool, healthful, and fronting directly on the ocean. A considerable "boom" has been projected in its favor by real-estate dealers and others, and perhaps no suburban resort has a more hopeful future before it. It stands on the Rockaway peninsula, which is five miles or more in length, and varies in width from one-eighth to one-half of a mile. A fine large hotel, with room for four hundred guests, handsomely built and surrounded with a twenty-foot piazza, forms the nucleus of this village, and over fifty cottages have recently been built along the broad and regularly planned avenues that lead to the hotel and to the ocean. Of the one hundred and twenty-six rooms in the hotel there is not one that does not command a view over the sea. Cedars have been planted in large numbers beside these avenues, and are a novelty in shade trees, though common enough as hedges in New England. Their dark foliage, the odor of their leaves, and the fact that they will root firmly in sandy soil and withstand the stoutest gales, make them particularly desirable for

seaside planting. Arverne is prettily named, and is going to live up to its name, which it might not do if some soulless land-grabber had dubbed it Jonesville or Thomsonborough to commemorate his ownership. It stands close beside the ocean, and has been likened to Cape May and Pataloa, for the water rolls in with a good swing, and the beach has so gradual a slope that the bather may choose his own depth. Bath-houses have been built at the end of each of the ocean avenues for the sole use of the cottagers and their friends, but arrangements are likewise ample for the guests of the hotel; and, *en passant*, it should be remarked that this hostelry offers every comfort that the traveler might reasonably expect.

More exclusive, and perhaps better known by reason of its priority of settlement, is Wave Crest, standing on a green-topped bluff, which resists the encroachments of the sea that have worked such frequent changes in the form and dimensions of the sandy islands elsewhere. It commands a fine view because of this elevation, and likewise serves as a landmark to passing vessels. The site is historic, and was claimed at an early date by one of the frequent Smith family, of Hempstead, as the spot for his acres and



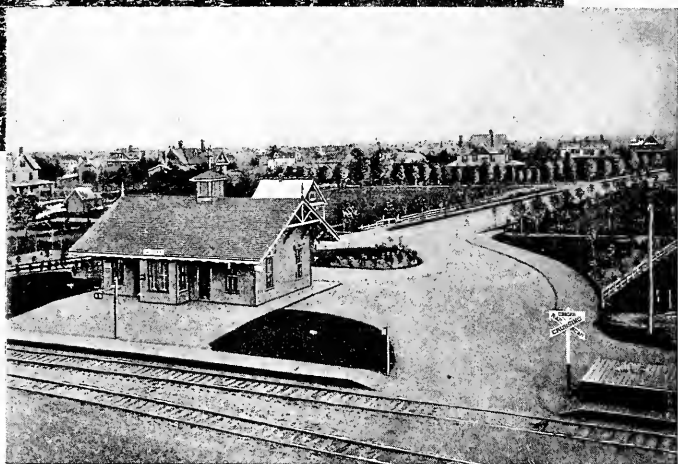
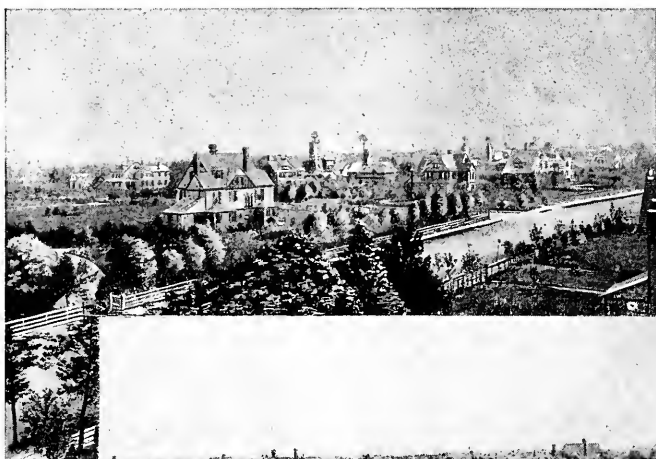
villa. In 1880 a number of gentlemen bought a square mile or so of this property, laid it out as a park, inclosed it, stationed lodge-keepers at the gates, and have since built one hundred cottages, many of which are occupied through the year. As at Tuxedo, Short Hills, and other parked villages, the society is exclusive. No lot is less than a quarter of an acre in extent, and the surface is

diversified with lawns, groves, serpentine paths, and winding shell-roads. All the houses are new, and one of them stands upon the site of the old Boscobel House, so named in honor of Charles II. The drainage is perfect, as the buildings stand at a level of thirty feet above high-tide mark, and the general health of the community is, therefore, excellent. Still-water bathing is had at the foot of the bluff, but a ferry-boat transports all who desire it across the strip of bay, here a quarter of a mile wide, that lies inside the Rockaway Key, and there surf enough can be had to satisfy the strongest or the most exacting.

Before Long Branch could claim any social consequence, Far Rockaway was the most famous watering-place in this country, Newport alone excepted. The Marine Hotel that stood there forty years ago was a great hotel for its time, and its register bore the names of presidents, governors, mayors, authors, soldiers, and so on, down to common little European princes, who were not above eating clams and struggling with other articles of the traditional diet of the Long Islander. With the burning of this hotel, Far Rockaway lapsed into a state of innocuous desuetude, and slept a Rip Van Winkle sleep, forgotten by its neighbors; but with the development of watering-places around it, a spark of enthusiasm woke this little village, too, and it is taking on new importance as a resort, and increasing as a place of permanent homes. It is but thirty-five minutes from Hunter's Point, and although the sea winds are strong in cold weather, and the ocean storms are magnificent to witness, the temperature is not only cooler than that of the cities in summer, but the thermometer never falls quite so low in winter as it does in the interior. For this fact the Gulf Stream is responsible. Far Rockaway Bay extends before the village, offering safe water for bathers and boaters; even children may be trusted to row about this inlet, and just across the sands that separate it from the sea roars and seethes the ocean. The sheltered waters of Jamaica Bay are less than half a mile distant on the west. All kinds of hotels and restaurants are found there, and for the benefit of the local populace there are shops, markets, schools, churches, telegraph offices, telephones, and a court-house. The site is on ground of moderate elevation, supporting a natural growth of sweet-scented bay and larger bushes and trees. Cottages are multiplying rapidly, and the value of real estate is rising.

Between Wave Crest and Westville, showing a front of clean

cottages on Jamaica Bay, is Bayswater, a paradise for fishermen. Ten years ago there were three houses there, now there are over a hundred. Indian traditions are associated with this place, and not long ago nine skeletons were unearthed, all with marks of tomahawks on their skulls. These bones seemed to be of a race of giants, for the smallest of the skeletons, that of a woman, was seven feet two inches in height. Boating is safe in this land-locked water, and one can hardly imagine a more delightful row or sail than this offers on a moonlight night, when the low shores twinkle with lamps, and the small islands seem almost to hang in air, so perfectly are sky, moon and stars mirrored in the still water.



LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, a mile back from Far Rockaway, is a handsome village with telegraphic and telephonic touch with the city, boating, bathing, fishing and sleeping—the latter an item worth considering by the fagged and brain-sick business man ; for cool, pure air, the lull of a distant surf and the splash of wind through the cedars will do a deal toward the cure of insomnia. Most of the Lawrentians own elegant houses and live in them through the year. They are wealthy, well-bred and well-situated ; therefore they should be happy. The village is one great garden, blazing with flowers and ornamental shrubbery, while broad avenues lead to Ocean Point, Isle of Wight, Westville and Far Rockaway. With its advantages and its society, Lawrence may justly claim to be one of the most stylish resorts on Long Island. Few places of its size contain so many costly residences.

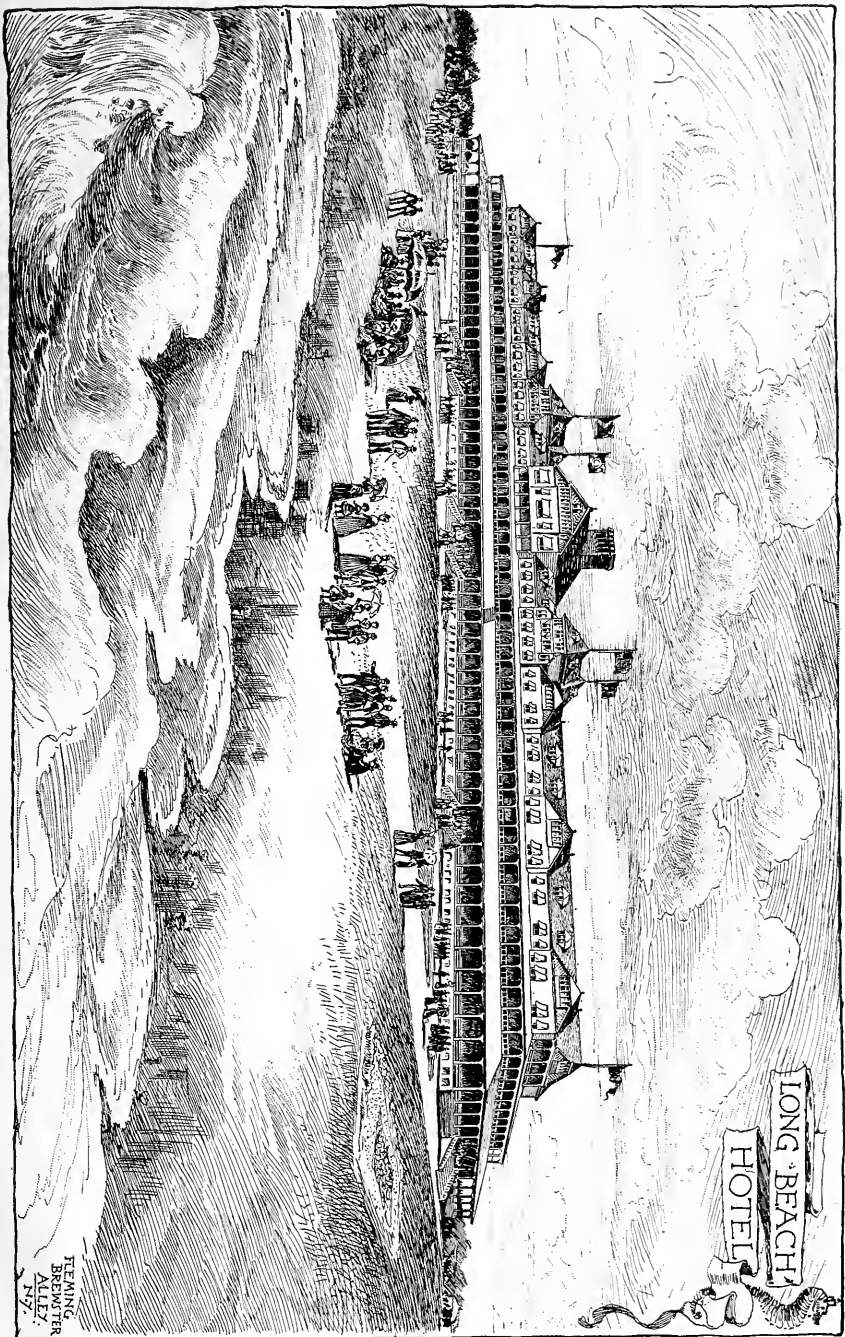
At Cedarhurst, between Lawrence and Woodsburgh, the country is undulating and fertile, and, although the name hints at cedars only, there is abundance of oak, maple, willow, acacia and pine. The sea views and bay views are fine, and are enhanced by the rustic beauty of the foreground. An equable climate and plenty of ozone are likewise assured to its residents, and sixty handsome villas attest the appreciation with which certain influential families regard this delightful place, many of the villas being occupied the year through. The headquarters of the Rockaway Hunt Club is an imposing clubhouse in Queen Anne style, and it contains everything needed by the members from a kitchen to a postoffice. There are polo grounds, tennis courts, gymnasium, hunting-stables, game and fish preserves and kennels. The “meets” of the hunters are picturesque affairs, and bring out large numbers of people.

Returning from Lawrence to the main line of the railroad, Hewletts, Woodsburgh and Ocean Point are rapidly traversed, and the tourist has glimpses of quiet streets, country shops, modest little churches and cozy cottages. Woodsburgh is so named from the late Samuel Wood, of Brooklyn, a rich and philanthropic gentleman who aimed to establish there a town that should excel Garden City in size and beauty ; but the estates are in litigation, and when, years hence, the courts render their decisions and perfect titles to land may be secured, this town will rank among the most desirable places of residence on Southern Long Island. Boulevard Avenue is one hundred feet wide and lined with shade trees all the way to the shore.

The last of these near-by seaside resorts is Long Beach, a narrow island seven miles long, that guards Hempstead Bay, with its grassy islands, from the direct assaults of the sea. It is twenty-four miles from New York, and "one of the brightest in the string of ocean pearls" that adorn the Long Island coast. The beach has a barely perceptible slope, and is so hard and smooth that driving, horseback exercise and walking are attended with no fatigue, while the sea that tumbles on the shore in magnificent breakers is as clear and bright as crystal. Long Beach is popular with the better class of people, and even on days when there is a crowd from town there is no noise or roughness. The big hotel, in Queen Anne style, is one of the best-built and best-kept of the many hostelries between Brooklyn and Montauk, and among its guests are and have been statesmen, men of the professions and notables of all kinds from different parts of the country. It is nine hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty wide, its verandas are broad enough to dance upon, the conveniences and comforts are such as are found in the best city hotels. Heating, ventilation and lighting have been scientifically adjusted. Through the season an orchestra furnishes music. A number of pretty and roomy cottages are for rent there to those who prefer a degree of privacy that the hotel cannot insure, or who have large families. They can dine at the hotel or they may keep house, as suits their convenience and pleasure. The Marine Railway runs to the east end of the island, where, on breezy Point Lookout that is thrust into the blue Atlantic, there is another hotel and group of cottages. Many of the cottagers own their yachts, and the season there is enlivened with sailing, fishing, bathing, games and dances.



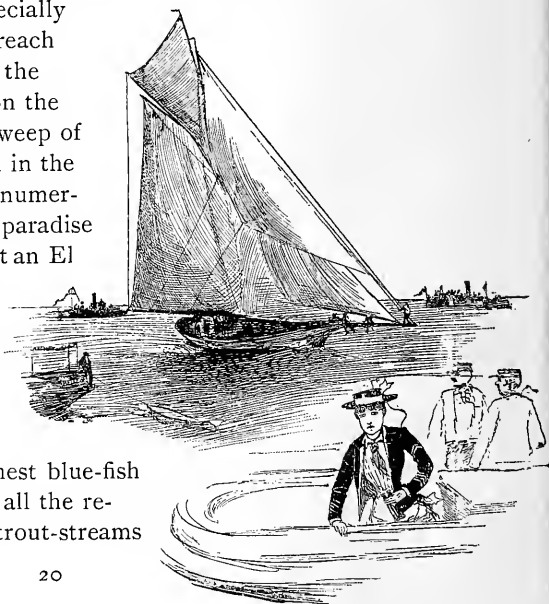
LONG BEACH  
HOTEL



HEMING  
BREWSTER  
VALLEY  
1897

## THE SOUTH SHORE.

The south side of Long Island is the seaward side. The great South Bay, and at either end of that the great Atlantic, have made it attractive to tourists. Its facilities for boating and fishing have no doubt added much to its charms. The Montauk division of the Long Island Railroad skirts the shore, and in most cases passes through or near the business centres of the towns, giving such excellent railroad accommodations that for fifty miles at least the island is a veritable suburb of the metropolis. At Valley Stream the railroad branches to Rockaway, and at Pearsalls to Long Beach, and then, without divergences, continues for one hundred miles to Sag Harbor, the terminus. To stop and particularize about every place along this delightful route is unnecessary, and would only weary the reader. Naturally many of the south side villages are much alike in general characteristics. All are noted for healthfulness, a feature already dwelt upon. All have access to the water. And as to the attractiveness of each, such as the location of streets, the architecture of the houses, and the nearness to the depots, etc., these are matters which appeal with varying force to different individuals. For a distance of some twenty miles, from Valley Stream to Amityville and beyond, the geographical features are similar, and all the villages in that section are especially favored by being within easy reach of the cities. It is true that the ocean waves do not roll in upon the mainland, nor is there broad sweep of bay, but there is compensation in the hundred inlets and coves and numerous islands, making not only a paradise for the amateur sportsman, but an El Dorado for the honest fishermen of the towns who derive their sustenance from these productive waters. From Freeport come the luscious Rockaway oysters, and in these waters are caught the finest blue-fish that are sent to market, while all the region is dotted with ponds and trout-streams



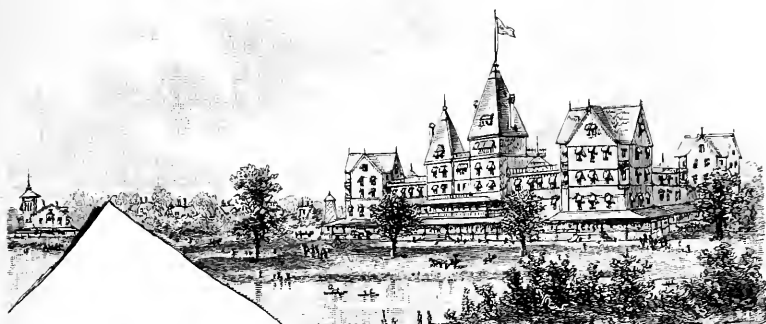
famous for what they offer. In July the summer flight of bay birds commences, and then the gunners come in for their share of the sport, and as the fall approaches the ducks and geese appear. It is indeed a charming country. The farmers thereabouts are a well-to-do class, the villages are wide awake and are growing with a rapidity that is simply marvelous. At Freeport a tract of land of thirty acres, north of the railroad, called Randall Park, has been handsomely laid out, and already thirty modern cottages have been erected, while at Rockville centre extensive real estate transfers have been made this year which promise large results in the way of local improvements. Many attractive cottages have already been erected and several good boarding-houses. Oceanville, a contiguous settlement, contains a cluster of houses, over twenty of which are occupied by retired "Down-East" shipmasters. The Brooklyn Water Works have a large pumping station in the vicinity. Pearsalls, Baldwins, Bellmore, Ridgewood, Merrick, are all desirable summer villages with many attractive features. At Merrick are the famous camp-meeting grounds.

On Long Island, with its superior Indian nomenclature, there is no excuse for giving "North" and "South" prefixes and the commonplace names of individuals. "Massapequa" is the pleasant-sounding name which has replaced "South Oyster Bay," and the place is not less delightful than its attractive name. That portion of the village which is about the station is not imposing, but a few minutes' walk will take one to the great South Side highway, along which on either side are stately summer residences, many of them owned by New York millionaires and families whose names are historic in the annals of the State. Here is Massapequa Lake, and to the south of it the new Massapequa Hotel, a recent applicant for public favor, and one of the most commodious and best-arranged hotels on the island. It overlooks the Great South Bay, which is reached by a natural canal within a stone's throw of the hotel. On the spacious grounds fronting the hotel handsome villas will be erected. The drives in the vicinity are superb, and near by are several large trout-ponds. Three miles to the east is Amityville, a thriving town, which has come to the front within a year past as a very popular resort, and already the Amityville Land Improvement Company, composed of local capitalists, have purchased 165 acres of land lying on the east side of Amityville Creek and have divided it into building plots with

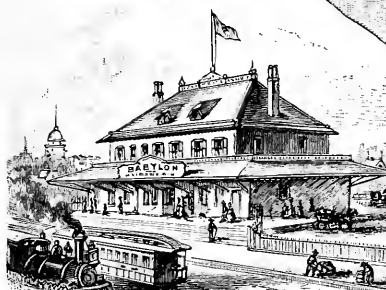
broad avenues extending to the bay. Just west of the village over 150 acres have been purchased, which will be developed in a similar manner. On the bay front has been built a large pavilion with ample docks and bathing-houses. Amityville does not cater to the wealthy and exclusive class, her citizens preferring to give greeting to people of moderate circumstances, who demand comfort rather than style, and who enjoy summer life there because they are free to seek pleasure without bowing to the mandates of fashion. The Dominican Convent is located there, also the Brunswick Home for nervous invalids. The Long Island Railroad Company, appreciating the importance of the place, has erected a handsome depot modeled after the new station at Patchogue. The new steamer *Massapequa* will make daily excursions to prominent points on the Great South Bay.

### THE GREAT SOUTH BAY RESORTS.

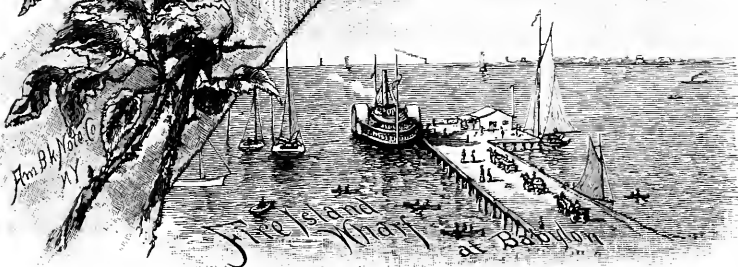
Following the highway which leads to Sag Harbor, and over which the stages ran before the railroad, we pass Breslau, a thrifty German village, and come to Babylon, and thence on for another twenty miles through probably the wealthiest and most aristocratic, and to many the most attractive, section on all Long Island. Nature did much for this region, but man, with large prodigality, has worked wonderful transformation scenes. These wide-awake modern villages hug close the shores of the Great South Bay, a body of water which for sailing and fishing cannot be surpassed in all this country. Gaze upon it any summer's day and a hundred cat-boats meet the eye. They are the safest and fastest boats made, and the most useful too, for when not in commission to pleasure-seekers they are decked in fisherman's garb and go into actual service, with no international fishery question to interfere. In the season, the Great South Bay abounds in geese, brant, canvas-back, broad-bills, red-heads, black-heads, and mallards. In June the bluefish, the gamest of our salt-water fish, come into the bay and remain all summer, and in the fall and winter the oyster beds yield large harvests. But why dwell upon the attractions of the Great South Bay which are known to people the world over? But where could there be a more desirable shore upon which to spend a vacation or to make a permanent residence? 'Tis not alone the bay that makes attractive these island villages. This part of the island is rich with trees and



*The Argyle*



*At the Station  
Babylon*



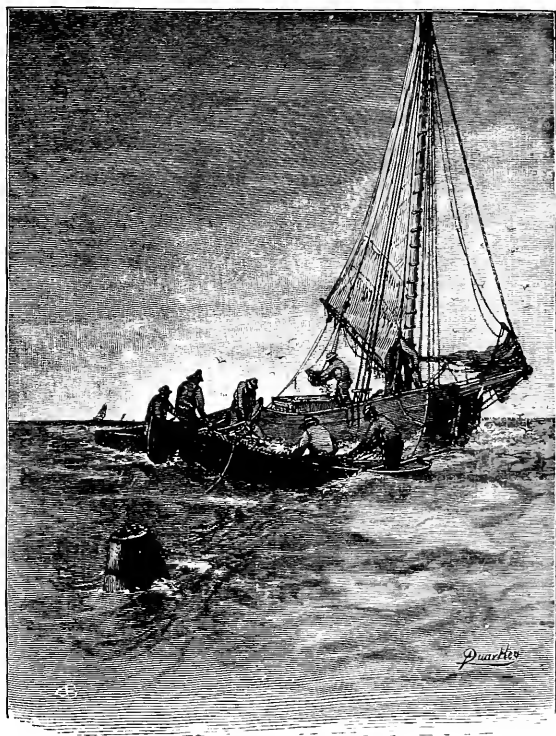
*From Bklyn to C  
NY*

*Five Island  
Harbor  
at Babylon*

foliage. Poplars, oaks, pines and breezy maples, with now and then a sad-hued cedar in their midst, abound. Trees line the drives and lanes and make them beautiful, and wealthy land-owners have macadamized the main thoroughfares, so that no city park offers such superb driveways as along this twenty-mile stretch through a summer city of cottages in a never-ending, picturesque chain. Babylon is forty miles from New York. It is aristocratic in outward appearance, and has been compared to Newport and other fashionable seaside resorts, but no comparisons can do it justice. It is a Long Island town which gives generous hospitality to all who come within its limits. It is fashionable, but not exclusive. There is gayety, healthy recreation, and pleasures of every kind. Its location for summer enjoyment is perfect; for, under all circumstances, there are cool breezes from the bay and ocean, and yet it is far enough back from the Atlantic to escape the sea mists. In the village proper, which numbers nearly three thousand inhabitants, are large stores and numerous cottages, handsome, but unpretentious, while near by are palatial homes, amid extensive parks, owned by wealthy New Yorkers. North of the depot a half hour's ride is the Westminster Kennel Club Preserve, where are to be found some of the best pointers and retrievers in the country, and further on are the princely mansions of August Belmont, Austin Corbin, and many other gentlemen prominent in financial circles. Trout-ponds are to be found on many of the estates. Much can be said of the superior hotel accommodations at Babylon. The Argyle is one of the most unique and picturesque hotels in the country. It will accommodate two hundred and fifty guests. Thirteen elegant cottages are in the Argyle Park. This park consists of seventy acres of land. It is intersected with winding paths and drives, shaded with numerous trees, having in its midst a beautiful lake of twenty-five acres. A large Casino, containing a billiard-hall, gymnasium, and reading-room was built last year for the exclusive use of the guests. The hotel is run in first-class style, and is always well patronized.

Babylon is the harbor for embarkation to one of the most unique summer resorts on the Atlantic coast—Fire Island. One of the first writers to bring this place into prominence was James Gordon Bennett. He was enthusiastic over his visit, and the verdict which he pronounced through the columns of his paper has been accepted by thousands of delighted tourists. Way back in 1855, David

Sturgiss Sprague Sammis opened a chowder-house near the light-house, on the strip of sand which makes the ocean border of the Great South Bay, and from that day to this the genial boniface has kept open house in summer. From the small chowder-house has been evolved by gradual development the present commodious Surf Hotel. The processes of annually adding to the house were not calculated to give beauty or architectural display, but it did give abundance of room and all the conveniences found in the more pretentious hotels. Broad covered walks connect the hotel on one side with the bay, and on the other with the ocean. There are miles of these shady walks, some of them leading to the cottages which are in close proximity to the hotel, and as the soil is sandy and unattractive, there is no desire to leave Mr. Sammis's plank-walks, except at the beach, where the well-fed boarder spends most of his time when not sailing and fishing on the bay. There is a fine surf, and the bathing cannot be excelled. One of the points of interest on this weather-beaten coast is the Fire Island Signal Station, from which ocean steamers are sighted and the announcement made in New York four hours before the vessel reaches her dock. Mr. Patrick Keegan is the operator in charge. He has never been on board one of the large steamers, and says if he



should see one passing through the "Narrows" he could not identify it, so accustomed has he become to distinguishing ocean steamers at long distances. The tracks of the ocean-flyers on an average are thirteen miles from the observatory, and Mr. Keegan can only identify a vessel by a most careful observation of minute details, such as the position of the smoke-stack, the rigging, manner of carrying sails, and general outline of the steamer. From one port-hole in the lookout-room at a certain angle he watches for a steamer of the Cunard Line, and from another the Inman, and so on. The place is well worth a visit. A staunch boat makes regular trips from Mr. Sammis's dock to Babylon, connecting with trains east and west. A few miles to the west of Fire Island is Jesse Smith's famous chowder-house, the "Armory," on Oak Island Beach, and near by are the headquarters of the Wawayanda and Short Beach Clubs, and on Oak Island proper is a settlement of cottagers.

Returning to the main land and continuing the journey eastward, it is easy to see that Bay Shore and Islip are conspicuously attractive villages, practically joining each other, and within only a few miles of Babylon. If anything, the scenery round about is more entrancing than at Babylon. The villages have many ponds, while running brooks and long inlets cut their way through the green marshes up to the higher lands. Pretty villas and pretentious summer homes dot the landscape, agreeably distant from each other, and many of them amid forest trees. There, also, wealth has been lavish in beautifying houses and lawns, so that even the villagers have built their stores with an eye to the æsthetic. There are three hotels at Bay Shore, the largest being the Prospect House, located near the water, with cottages and a billiard-hall. The Olympic Club House, one of the finest establishments of the kind on the island, is located at Bay Shore. At Islip, the Pavilion and the Lake House are the principal hotels. Islip is an old town, and the Long Island map has borne its name for more than two hundred years, or ever since Richard Nicolls came from England to drive out old Peter Stuyvesant and take by force the rule of New Amsterdam from the sturdy Dutchman. The South Side Sportsman's Club has commodious quarters and extensive preserves at Islip. Babylon, Bay Shore, and Islip are supplied with gas, electric lights, telephones, and all the appliances of modern life.

Oakdale, a charming woodland place, containing the palatial home of W. K. Vanderbilt, is just beyond Islip. A tract of four



hundred acres of land, the title of which is one of the oldest on Long Island, having come directly from the Indians, and confirmed by a patent from the Duke of York in 1664, has recently been transferred for the first time, and will be improved and beautified.



PATCHOGUE STATION.

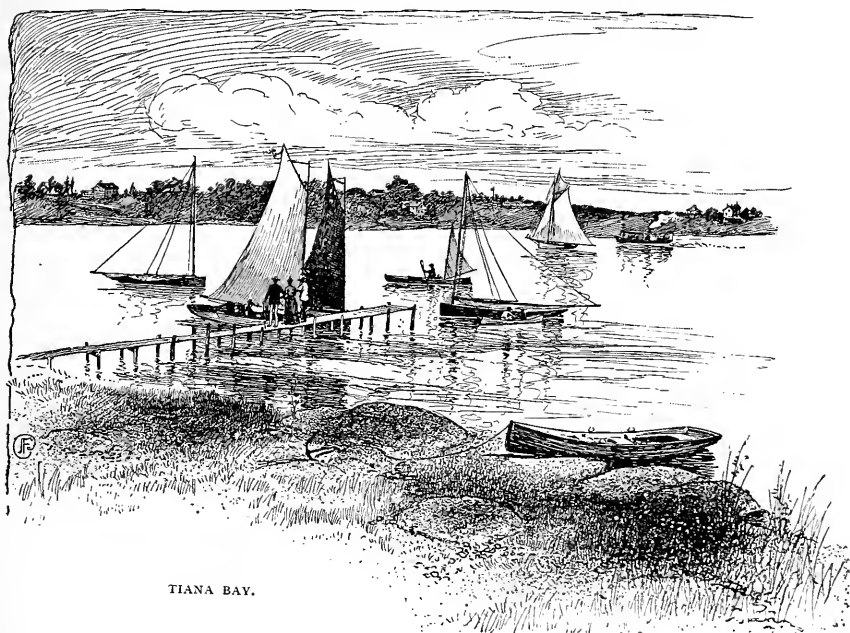
Opposite this property is St. John's Church, which was built ten years before the Revolutionary War. Sayville, a thriving town next in order, emerges from the forest, and permits free sweep to the ocean breezes. It, too, contains many handsome homes, and several fine hotels and numerous boarding-houses. It has been very popular in recent years and gives record of large growth. The village is joined by Bayport, and then comes Patchogue, one of the largest villages on Long Island. It is a wide-awake town, summer or winter. In the former season it swarms with young, rollicking, and fun-making city folks. Patchogue is less expensive and more democratic than some of its neighbors, and for many years has been one of the most popular places on the coast. It has two beautiful lakes, one at each end of the village, and superb dock facilities at the bay. It is the chief harbor for the South Bay boats. There are several excellent hotels in the place, and numerous boarding-houses, and summer guests are always well provided for. Just beyond Patchogue is Bellport, another place that has been inviting attention in recent years. For beauty of situation and water facilities few towns on the island can excel it. A portion of the village occupies a high bluff overlooking the bay, which at this point is three miles wide. The Bellport hotels and boarding-houses have the reputation of taking excellent care of their visitors. Many costly mansions have

been erected. To the east of Bellport the shore stretches southward into a long promontory, called Smith's Point, which is one of the most interesting spots on the island. You can trace here the breastworks of Fort George, one of the strongholds of the British, which was captured by Colonel Tallmadge, and was one of the turning-points in the Revolutionary War. The land was patented to Colonel William Smith by William and Mary in 1692, and has been held in the family ever since. The present occupant, Mr. Egbert T. Smith, still retains the original patent. In a cemetery near the old fort are buried many of Mr. Smith's ancestors, and near by is seen the house where William Floyd, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, lived. Brookhaven and Forge are quiet places, with many comfortable farm-houses, where the summer visitors will find good homes. A few miles to the north is the trout preserve of the famous Suffolk County Club.

#### FROM MORICHES TO SAG HARBOR.

At Smith's Point a narrow channel divides the mainland from the Great South Beach and connects the Great South Bay with East Bay. Upon this latter body of water, close to the water's edge, numerous hotels and cottages are superbly located. The bay is well sheltered, and boating is safe even for the ladies, while upon the banks of the many inlets which push their way into the shore children can play in perfect safety. These villages are almost too far away for business men going to the city daily, but this disadvantage—if it be a disadvantage—is more than made up by the superior attractions offered at this end of the island. The roaring of the ocean waves can be heard, and a short ride in sail or row boat takes one to the ocean beach. The atmosphere is cool and bracing, and there are no marshes or lowlands to breed malaria, while from the pines and spruces come aromas laden with health-giving properties. Several eminent physicians have given this region the best possible recommendation by living there themselves. From the railroad little idea of the country is obtained. The depots are surrounded by dense woods, and the stranger is apt to step from the car with much hesitation, so uninviting is the wilderness about him. But his fears are soon dispelled when, after a short ride through romantic woodland roads, he comes to the hotel

or boarding-house on the plateau overlooking the ocean and surrounded by rich fields and beautiful lawns. Here are the Moriches, places which bring pleasant memories to thousands of Long Island tourists—Speonk, Eastport (where the Oxford Rod and Gun Club is located), and Westhampton, the first place east of Rockaway where one can drive to the ocean. Hundreds of handsome cottages are located there, many of them occupied by men of national repute. Clergymen, physicians, and scholars find congenial companionship here in the summer. Near the beach is the old Dix farm, owned and occupied for many years by the late ex-Governor John A. Dix, and now the summer home of his son, the Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D. Not a few of the visitors come from New Jersey. Quogue, which joins West Hampton, not only has a quaint name, but is a quaint place, and is as popular to-day as it was in years gone by when DeWitt Clinton, Daniel Webster, and other distinguished statesmen were wont to visit it, fishing in the neighboring streams and bathing in its magnificent surf. The bathing facilities at Quogue are exceptionally fine. Temporary arbors are put up every year, under which one may recline by the hour, reading, sleeping,



TIANA BAY.

or watching the merry gambols of the children. A bulletin board announces the temperature of the water, the condition of the tide, with a notice stating the safest place to bathe. There are nearly three hundred bath-houses on the beach. Quogue has several elegant private residences and numerous first-class hotels and boarding-houses.

Beyond Quogue is Good Ground, a charming place, where are to be found handsome residences, good boarding-houses, excellent drives, and all the pleasures of fishing, sailing, and bathing. Many of the summer villas are located on the shores of Shinnecock Bay. At Ponquogue, near by, is the famous light-house of that name.

A portion of the island not generally known until within a year or more past is Canoe Place, reached from the station at Good Ground. It is a narrow strip of land a quarter of a mile wide, connecting Peconic and Shinnecock Bays, through which a canal has been dug by the State that the waters of the bays may mingle and thus improve the fishing ground and feed the clam and oyster beds. Near this point is Canoe Place Inn, a hospitable tavern, reminding one much of the quaint old English inns. It has been the stopping-place for sportsmen for over a hundred years, and its genial landlord, Charles Conkling, insists that it is the oldest tavern in the State. In 1735, Jeremiah Culver was granted a tract of land here on condition that he "forthwith set up a tavern and place of rest for travellers on ye King's highway." The tavern was set up and has been run ever since. It was a favorite stopping-place for the British officers during the Revolutionary War. In front of the hotel are two immense willow trees, which are said to have grown from sprouts brought from the Island of St. Helena. A tall flag-pole stands by the roadside, and at its base is a huge wooden figure-head of Hercules, taken from the United States war-ship *Ohio*. It weighs over a ton, and is an excellent specimen of that kind of work. On the road leading from the depot to the hotel, in a clump of trees near the wayside, is an old gravestone, erected early in the present century by the New York Missionary Society to the memory of the Rev. Paul Cuffee, the last of the Indian preachers, and near by stands the little church where Cuffee used to preach. Just behind the inn, on the hill, are plainly to be seen the remains of an old fort, where three companies of British soldiers were stationed in 1776.

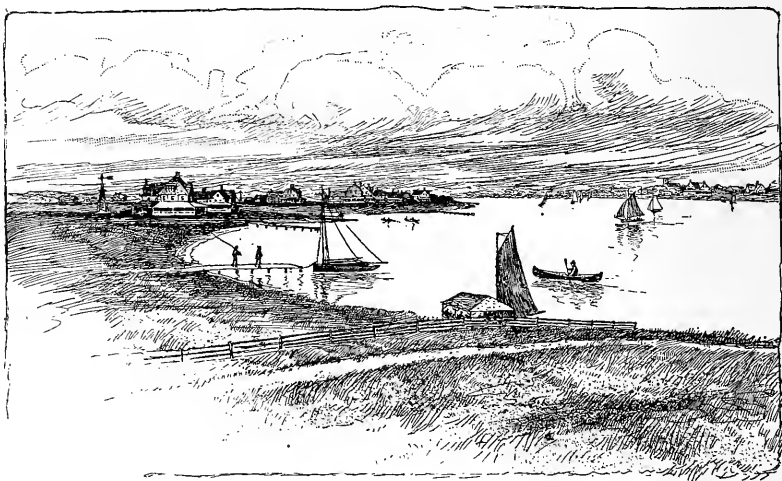
Across the canal, at Canoe Place, is the region of the Shinnecock

Hills, extending for a distance of four miles to Southampton village, and from the summit of which can be seen on one side the ocean and Shinnecock Bay, and on the other the beautiful Peconic Bay, and beyond, Long Island Sound. It is hardly possible to imagine a more desirable location for a summer residence. The land is high, and from this rounded plateau one looks down upon one of the finest marine views on the Atlantic coast. The ocean, flecked with sails, is before, while behind, the winding waters of Peconic Bay, with the intermingling shores, give infinite variety of scene. Art has added to Nature's charms in the cottages that have been erected, representing the quaint English architecture of the period of Queen Anne. These "Hills" were purchased by the Long Island Improvement Company, and the finest portion has been transferred to the Shinnecock Inn and Cottage Company, representing prominent New York gentlemen, who have erected a hotel in exact reproduction of an old English inn, and they and other parties have built cottages



SHINNECOCK HILLS.

and made green lawns and gardens where before were sand-heaps and low underbrush. The hill called "Sugar Loaf" is one hundred and forty feet high, and is the highest point of land on the south shore of the island. The depot of the Long Island Railroad is in keeping with the style of architecture of the hotels and cottages. All this land was at one time owned by the Shinnecock Indians. The remnant of this once famous tribe live on a reservation on Shinnecock Neck, about two miles from Southampton village. Each Indian has a small wooden house, and with it an allotment of land, which he tills. A few years ago, thirteen of the best men were lost in the *Circassian*, a vessel that was wrecked off this coast. A melancholy interest attaches to this tribe, as it is the last remnant of the warlike tribes which once held undisputed sway over this region. They number about one hundred souls, are fairly intelligent and industrious, and are holding their own as regards numbers. Their government has some traces of the old tribal régime, though the executive management is in the hands of trustees rather than chiefs. They have largely intermarried with negroes. Their children are quick and intelligent, and their schools and churches are liberally patronized.



SOUTHAMPTON.

For antiquities and aboriginal relics the east end of the island offers a rich field, especially in the region of the Hamptons. The

year 1640 is far back in our history, but in that year Southampton was settled, and to-day there are three or four houses in the village which date back to 1680. Sign-boards have recently been placed giving the names of all the old streets and lanes, and on one we read that "Job's lane was opened in 1663." In the old village cemetery there is one stone, to the memory of the Rev. Joseph Taylor, erected in 1686. But it is the village of to-day with which we are particularly concerned. While other south side villages have residents from New York, Brooklyn, and cities about the metropolis, Southampton is composed almost exclusively of wealthy Gothamites. For the last ten years the place has been growing quietly, until now all the desirable land is occupied, and real estate, when sold, brings city prices. It is a fashionable and distinguished community, satisfied in the knowledge that it possesses superior natural attractions, and one of the prettiest lakes and finest ocean beaches on the island. The lake is over a mile long, and around it cluster most of the summer villas. The lake extends to within a few rods of the ocean, where there is a hard beach and superb surf bathing. Architects have competed with one another in the building of these costly houses, and nowhere else is there so fine a grouping of handsome homes. In the vicinity of Southampton are the headquarters of the Hampton Club. Beyond the village to the east is Water Mills, with several handsome residences, and Bridgehampton, a village with a considerable permanent population and a good hotel. The drives in the vicinity are picturesque. One leads to Georgica Park, a settlement on a high plateau, with Georgica Lake at the east and the ocean at the south. The location is magnificent. A dozen or more handsome cottages have been erected. Beyond Bridgehampton is Sag Harbor, the terminus of the railroad. A curious old town it is. The inhabitants, until summer travel turned that way, said it was dead, and so it was, compared with its former glory when seventy whaling vessels sailed from its docks. Those were stirring times, and not very long ago either. When men began to dig in the ground for oil there was little inducement to hunt the seas for whales, and so the business died out. A large watch-case factory and other industrial establishments, giving employment to hundreds of people, have recently been started. Summer cottages have been built, tourist travel has turned in that direction, and the place has taken on something of the old-time activity. Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, spends his summers there.

Near by are Noyac, a charming rural retreat, and the Oak Grove trout-ponds, a famous resort for excursionists.

### EASTHAMPTON AND MONTAUK POINT.

Eastward four miles from the railroad, reached by stage from Bridgehampton or Sag Harbor, is quaint old Easthampton. The lover of beauty rejoices in the isolation of the town, for it preserves yet the delicious loveliness of the old times, and on Long Island at least it is peerless, while in the country, with few exceptions, it is unrivaled in

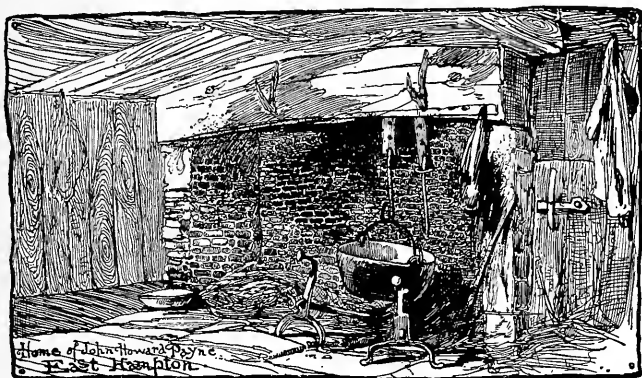


NEAR SAG HARBOR.

its unique beauty. It is not exactly on the sea, though the ocean must have more than its wonted calmness when the booming of the breakers is not heard in the quiet village. Less than two miles off are the great sand bluffs and the grandest beach between the Bay of Fundy and the Carolinas. The main street of the village is upward of seven rods in width, and for a good mile one can see to the upper end, where, at the branching of the roads, an old wind-mill stands. This street, with its great overhanging elms, makes the glory of Easthampton. Along its sides live the villagers, some in houses of modern make and Queen Anne affectation, but most in

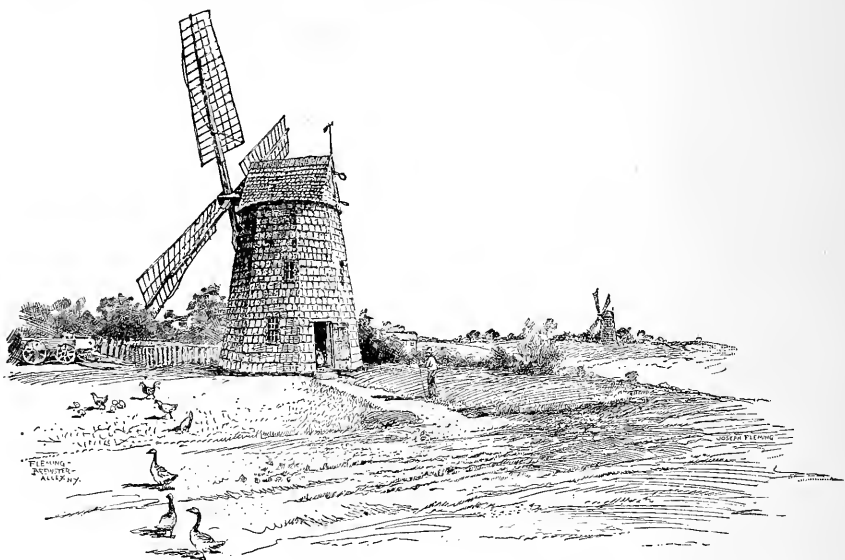


the old homes of a century ago with the quaint old gables and shingled roofs, in one of which John Howard Payne lived in boyhood and in another Lyman Beecher. In the middle of the street, at the entrance of the village, is the cemetery, with many interesting inscriptions and monuments of historic interest. There are three genuine Holland wind-mills in the town, and because of these and the beautiful scenery, Easthampton has long been the Mecca of artists. Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage has his summer home here. Two miles to the east is Amagansett, and beyond is Montauk Point, the extreme end of the coast. It is a hilly peninsula, containing about nine thousand acres of land. It was originally owned by fifty shareholders, but in 1879 became the property of Mr. Arthur Benson, of

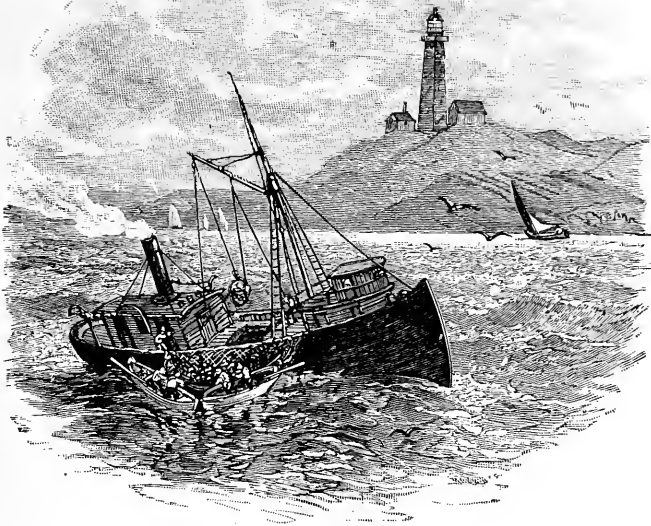


Brooklyn, who gave \$151,000 for the land. The usual way of reaching Montauk Point is by carriage from Easthampton, though not a few prefer to go by boat from Sag Harbor. In 1881 the Montauk Association was formed, and eighty acres within three miles of the Point were purchased. A summer colony has been started and nine houses erected, and they are all comfortable buildings, and most of them expensively furnished. There is a clubhouse where the families congregate for meals and social enjoyment. For rugged scenery there is nothing to equal Montauk. The bluffs range from fifty to one hundred feet in height, and are bold and picturesque. In some places they present a front of stratified clay, at others they appear as masses of boulders and of wave-worn and ice-worn pebbles. As we near the Point the hills become bare of foliage, though covered with grass, forming a wild open moorland,

with something of that space and freedom that one sees in the English downs and Western plains. From the bluffs the expanse of sea is grand and inspiring. At Fort Pond Bay is a magnificent harbor, which is to be the terminus of the projected swift line of steamships to Milford Haven. At the extreme point is the white tower of the Montauk light, marking the end of Long Island and



throwing the flash of its Fresnel light for twenty miles over the dark waters. The whole Atlantic coast offers no spot richer in historic and romantic interest than this famous point. It is weird in its solitary isolation, scarred with winds and waves, having grandeur of outline, and yet its summit is softened with greenest grass, and all the tender grace that Nature gives. It is a place of dreams, separated from the world's great life, with naught around it but the silent reaches of untenanted land and the great mystery of the illimitable sea. Not long will it preserve its unique and charming isolation. Enterprise will make its highways there, and the iron horse will ere long bring the pleasure-seekers to its solitudes. But, however populous may become this unrivaled cliff, nothing can destroy the splendor of its outlook or dim the glory of its azure sky, or the expanses of the great waste of waves that stretches beneath it. There are three life-saving stations on Montauk.



MONTAUK POINT.

## SUBURBAN TOWNS.

The recent development of towns and the creation of villages in the western part of Long Island results from the recognition of its advantages as a place of residence. Improvements in rapid transit, sanitary measures, restrictions against nuisances, and the erection of pleasant and tastefully designed houses and cottages only were needed to lure the people of moderate means and quiet tastes into this healthful region. It is now possible to do business in New York or Brooklyn through the day, and in an hour or less from the time of leaving the shop or office to be swinging in the hammock under one's own elms or maples, inhaling a strong sea air, sweetened in its passage across miles of fields and woods, and enjoying the peaceful pleasures of rustic life. The towns near Brooklyn are not only agreeable and healthy, but they have stores, schools, and churches, and are in almost every way better places for a family

than the noisy, bustling, and immoral city. Land and houses can be bought at moderate and easy terms, and generous commutation is offered by the railroad.

Richmond Hill, eight miles from Brooklyn, will recall to those who have made a transatlantic tour the delightful Richmond suburb of London, from whose famous Star and Garter Inn is revealed a lovely view of English meadows and groves, with the silvery Thames winding through them. From the gentle elevations of this Long Island Richmond one looks across miles of broad and fertile fields, studded with comfortable farm-houses and bits of forest, to the sea that lies sparkling in the south and that freshens every breeze with ozone. From the higher points the Sound is also visible on the north, and there is no end of delightful walks and rides in the neighborhood. The settlement here is new and architecturally attractive. Fruit trees and gardens flourish; every house has a strip of lawn; the roads are shaded, and a good system of drainage and water-works is in operation. Another suburban town of merit is Woodhaven, distant but a few minutes' ride from Brooklyn. It is a place of growing consequence, where land may be had on reasonable terms, and it offers many inducements to the middle class. One or two large factories are the industrial centres of Woodhaven, and every passenger over this road will have admired the residence of Mr. Grosjean, one of the factory owners: a house set in a spacious park, with flower-beds, ponds, bridges, statuary, and ornamental shrubbery—one of the most ambitious specimens of gardening on Long Island.

South of Richmond Hills, at the point where the divisions of the railroad from Long Island City and Atlantic Avenue come together, is the new suburb of Morris Park, connected with Brooklyn by forty trains a day. This village is charmingly designed, with broad shaded avenues that run toward the cardinal points of the compass. Every house is neat and picturesque, the Queen Anne style being in present favor, and, as the lots are spacious, every dwelling stands back from the road in the retirement of its own lawn and garden. A straight boulevard runs to Jamaica Bay on the south, and there are hills close to the northward view. Morris Park is legally protected against nuisances of all kinds, and improvements are rapidly effected.

Jamaica is a conservative and orderly old town, with all the appurtenances of a city in its shops, schools, churches, lighting, water,

drainage, and transportation systems, and is the capital and shipping point for a large and rich farming region that spreads over the hills and plains for miles on every side. The main street is wide, well shaded, and partly lined with houses that date back to the colonial era—houses with timber in their walls that will hold together for another century, and that are overhung by venerable elms, under whose branches, as children, sported the great-grandfathers of the present generation. Pleasantly and healthfully surrounded, diversified in surface, readily accessible to the great cities, and offering land and homes for sale or to rent at prices alluring to the city man who despairs of owning a house in town, Jamaica is certain of a sure increase in population and popularity in the near future. It has three newspapers, and has grown to be of consequence as an educational centre, its five public schools being supplemented by Maple Hall Institute, Union Hall Seminary, and the Catholic School of St. Monica. Jamaica boasts—or has without boasting—a society of more than local distinction for wealth and cultivation, and its influence is felt for good on the community.

Hollis is one of the places of the future, if present indications are not delusive. It has now the aspect of a spacious park, set with five hundred Norway maples, containing three miles of drives, furnished with a good water system, and communication with the cities by means of twenty-four daily trains. Already many very handsome residences have been erected, and the increase in houses is large each year. The ground here is slightly rolling, with a fall toward the south, and this, together with a sandy sub-soil that underlies the surface loam, secures good drainage and security against malarial influences. The landscape as seen from an elevation is delightful; the hill-range, known as “the backbone of Long Island,” unfolding along the north, while the green plains, the marshy islands, the populous keys of Rockaway and Long Beach, and the distant Atlantic are in view at the south, and on clear days the crests of the Hudson palisades and Westchester hills are in sight. History also lends interest to this region, for troops have camped and battled hereabout, and it was here that Gen. Nathaniel P. Woodhull was killed while scouting, after the Revolutionary fight in Brooklyn.

Queens is a pretty spot on the verge of the great Hempstead Plain, and near to many interesting points. It is occupied by a steady-going population of farmers and gardeners, some of

whom are employed in the superb nurseries of the neighborhood, where, during the warm weather, acres of ground are covered with flowers that delight by their sweet odors and lively colors. North of Queens, though reached more readily from Hinsdale by branch railroad, is Creedmoor, a pleasant hamlet, near which is the most celebrated of American rifle-ranges, where the National Guard is frequently to be seen and heard at practice, and where the international matches took place some years ago. Creedmoor is an open and healthful country with serene old farm-houses near it that attract the summer boarder, and Little Neck Bay within walking distance on the north.

Hinsdale and East Hinsdale, sixteen miles from Brooklyn, form a farming settlement that has not yet been struck by a "boom," but some people will like it the better for that, as it assures low prices and quiet living. The populace is composed of farmers, though people from the cities are beginning to build here. At Hyde Park we find a hotel and many pleasant dwellings.

Garden City is well named, for it is an *urbs in rure*, with all the charm of rural belongings pervading its streets—a place of green shades and sweet odors, of tinkling fountains and balmy fields. It was laid out on a scale of generous proportion by the late A. T. Stewart, who bought for the purpose an immense reach of plain then called the Hempstead Barrens, and thought by farmers to be worth nothing except as pasture land. On this plain one of the most exquisite little towns in the country has developed, charming in appearance, with unusual advantages, and inhabited by people of refinement. Its thirty miles of streets and roads offer a delightful series of walks and drives, and in the surrounding "barrens," which are vocal through the summer with birds' songs, and which are freely swept by refreshing breezes, are wide and satisfying views of field, wood, and distant village. There is here a large and well-directed school, a casino, a park, and a cathedral; for Garden City is the ecclesiastical centre of the Long Island diocese, and the bishop lives here in a house that is furnished with every luxury that taste and riches can suggest. The cathedral is a landmark that is visible for miles, and is a beautiful specimen of the Gothic, designed primarily as a mausoleum for the Stewart family. It is richly decorated within and without, contains fine organs, and its musical services draw visitors by the score from other places on every Sunday.

Hempstead is a good old town, not unlike a New England

village, with its shaded trees, its big white houses and green blinds, its old churches, and its fat farms on the outlying plains. The people are well to do, and are noted for kindliness and sense. Gas has been brought into the houses, a fire-department has been organized, there are large halls for meetings, fairs, and entertainments, good schools, fine churches, and three hotels, one of which sheltered Washington. The Episcopal Church owns a communion service presented in 1776 by Queen Anne. Near Hempstead are fresh and salt water rowing, fishing, and shooting, while the "barrens" are full of delightful walks and drives.

## THE CENTRAL SECTION.

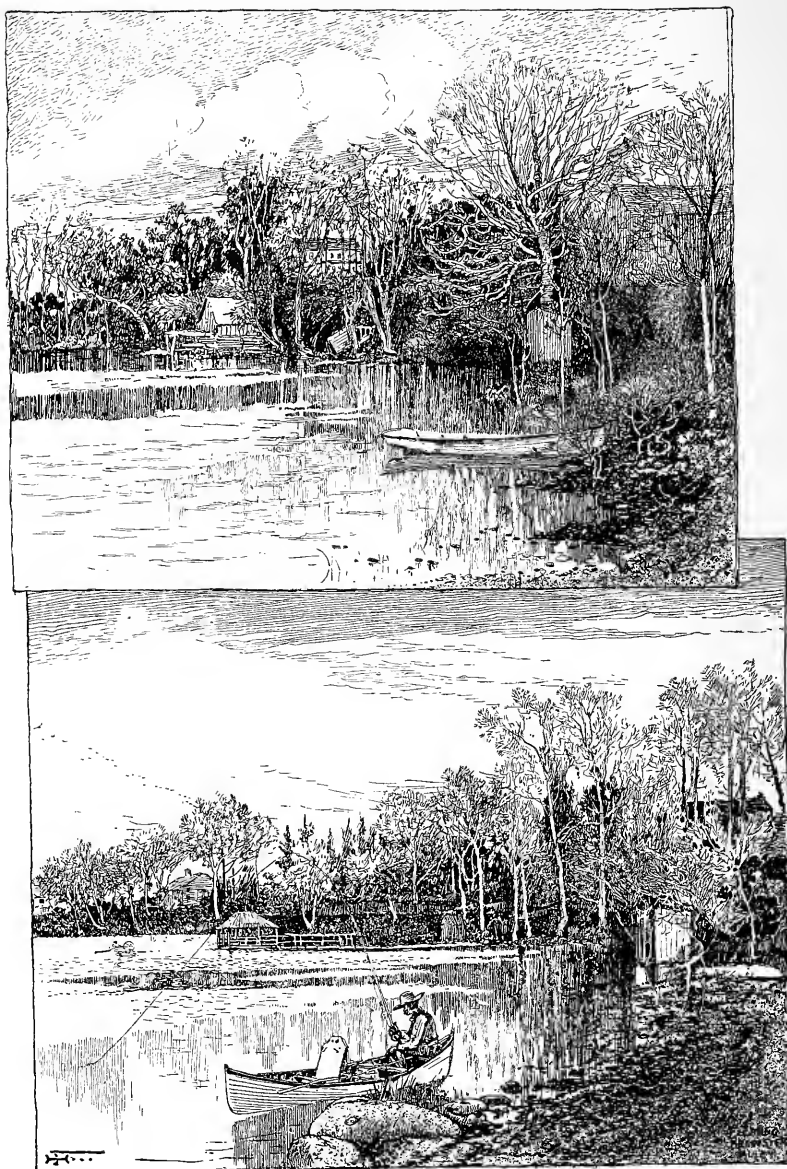
From Garden City the main line of the railroad continues through the central portion of Long Island, and then along the northern shore to Greenport. This region has not until recent years received that attention which it deserved, so little has it been known to Long Island tourists. From the car-windows a very poor idea of the country can be obtained, and even residents on the island have been accustomed to depreciate the value of the land. It has already been demonstrated by practical experiment, as in the case of Garden City, Central Islip, and other points, that the land is extremely fertile, and can with small labor be brought to the highest state of productiveness. The section throughout is rich in natural scenery, and because of its peculiar situation, with the soil perfect for drainage, the hills to the north offering shelter from harsh winds, and the pine trees giving forth health, it is a region unsurpassed for salubrity. To thoroughly appreciate this section, one must visit the towns, scramble over the hills and green fields and through the forest groves, and mingle with the unostentatious and hospitable inhabitants. Nearest to Garden City is Mineola, where the Queens County Fair grounds are located. It is the centre of a good farming country, and is a growing place. East Williston, Jericho, Westbury, Hicksville, are included in this section. At a short distance from Westbury is located the famous Meadow Brook Club, an organization of well-known New York gentlemen. Central Park and Farmingdale are thriving villages, where much of the produce is raised that finds its way to the city markets. A large portion of the farm products that are supplied to Brooklyn

come from Long Island, and a still larger quantity finds its way to New York. These villages all offer quiet retreats for the summer vacationist. Passing through Wyandance and Deer Park, Brentwood is reached, where a new phase of Long Island is presented. During the past year the attention of the public has been directed to a complete health resort on Long Island, distance only forty-one miles from New York. Brentwood has that health resort, and is destined to become as popular as Lakewood, New Jersey. It has long been known that the atmosphere of pine forests is most favorable to invalids suffering from pulmonary affection, and physicians, in recent years, have been sending patients to the pine groves with satisfactory results. At Brentwood there is such a forest, in the midst of which is an excellent hotel that meets all requirements, keeping open summer and winter. The property was originally owned by a wealthy gentleman, Mr. R. W. Pearsall, who had twelve acres of the land made into a park, planting over twelve varieties of trees, the pines predominating, and the natural growth being entirely of pines. Some of these trees are nearly fifty feet in height, which speaks well for the fertility of the soil. The designer of Central Park, New York, and Prospect Park, Brooklyn, laid out the grounds. Mr. Pearsall erected a handsome house, modeled after a château in France, and richly furnished it throughout, the floors being inlaid with hardwood panels, and the decorations being artistic and costly. This house, now called "The Austral," was purchased by some wealthy New York gentlemen who had experienced beneficial results from the New Jersey pine groves. These parties have opened it to the public, and their venture has met with a large degree of success. There are pine trees on all sides, extending for twelve miles to the west, and on the east almost to Peconic Bay. The winds from the north are broken by the ridge of hills along the north shore of the island, and from the east are wafted over sixty miles of pine forests, while from the south they come in the summer, bringing cooling breezes from the ocean. The sanitary arrangements are pronounced by experts as perfect. A glass-inclosed solarium on the south permits invalids to get the full benefit of all sunshine. The hotel will accommodate about two hundred boarders, having been recently extensively enlarged. A competent physician lives in the hotel. An observing physician of national repute once remarked that the two counties in the United States most remarkable for health were



Suffolk, Long Island, and Berkshire, Mass. As to Suffolk County, no one who has lived there will doubt the truth of this statement. The temperature of this portion of the island is several degrees warmer in winter and cooler in summer than that of the mainland. The reason for this is that the prevailing winds are from the south and southwest, blowing directly over the water from the Gulf Stream, which is only ninety miles' distant. Several very handsome houses have been built in Brentwood and are occupied by gentlemen of wealth and culture, and during the past year many eligible building sites have been sold. There is an Episcopal church in the village, and near the depot is a large nursery. Three miles to the east is Central Islip, a cheerful village with pleasant surroundings. New York city, in 1884, through its Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, purchased one thousand acres on the line of the railroad at Central Islip station, and extending for two miles and a half to Islip proper. The land cost \$25,000, and at the present time \$257,200 have been expended on buildings, water supply, etc. The farm is meant to accommodate quiet chronic male patients, and especially those who are able to perform outdoor work. There are already three hundred patients on the premises.

Midway in the island, Ronkonkoma, the most charming of lakes, is set. The station nearest it bears the same name, and is less than a mile away. The road leading to this peerless lake approaches by gentle descent, with trees on either side, many of them of great size. The lake is about three miles in circumference. It is fed by springs, and is of remarkable clearness and purity. A white-sand beach borders it, and its shores are delightful in their varied contour. The banks rise in pleasant ascent, and are bordered with every variety of vegetation. Large trees hang their graceful branches downward, while vines and shrubbery grow with rich luxuriance. The road follows the shore, and winds in and out, following every indentation, while beside it is the little footpath, in which lovers can walk and tell the pleasant tales that lovers have ever whispered. From whatever point one looks at this incomparable lake it is a thing of beauty, for its waters are of brightest color, easily susceptible to every breeze, while the shores are picturesque in their happy mingling of forest, farm, and homestead. There are many attractive houses about the lake, where summer boarders are accommodated. The drives in the vicinity are interesting, the walks are inviting, the air is tempered by the breezes of the



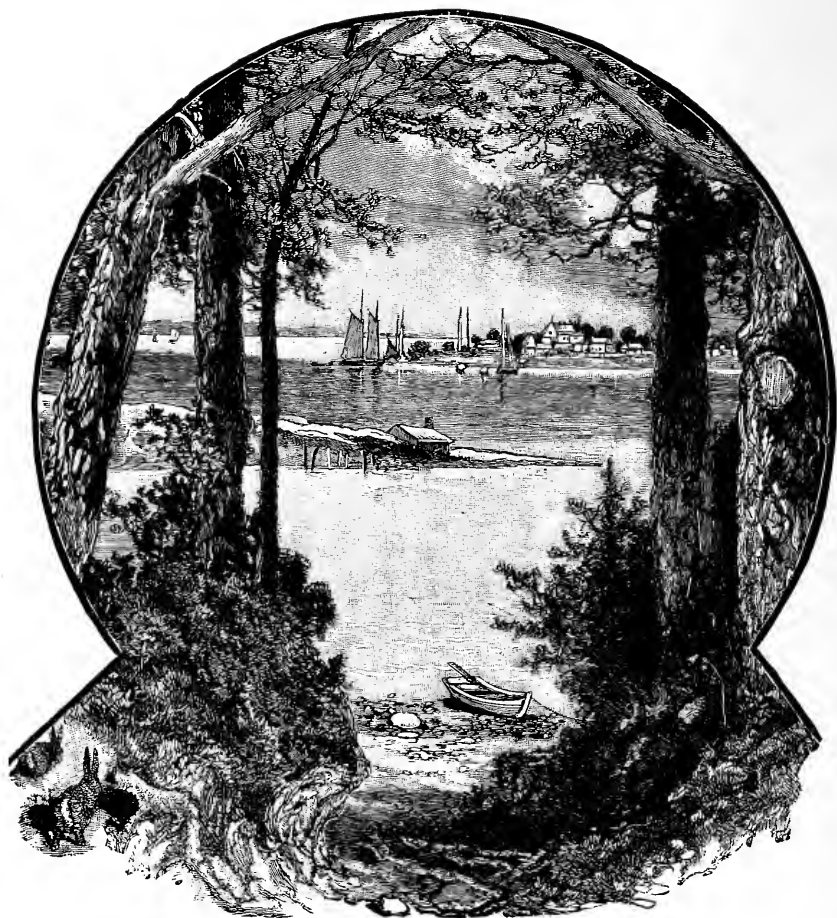
LAKE RONKONKOMA.

lake ; and nowhere on the island is there a more attractive spot than this lake, with its pleasant name and its old traditions of Indian days.

Beyond Ronkonkoma are Waverly, Medford, Yaphank, Manor, and Baiting Hollow, all healthy places, surrounded by a good farming section with fish and game in abundance. At Yaphank is a model farm connected with the county institution. The shire town of Suffolk County is Riverhead. It is centrally located, and an active village of two thousand inhabitants. It takes its name from the Peconic River, which empties into a bay of that name a short distance away. Riverhead has many advantages as a summer resort. A half-hour's drive will take one to Peconic Bay, and a ride of eight miles to the ocean, and it is less than that distance to the Sound. The village is handsomely laid out and has many fine residences. It is a bustling town, and during Fair week and Court time is crowded with strangers. It has one newspaper, a savings bank, one of the best in the State, six churches, and numerous local institutions. The court-house, jail, and county clerk's office are substantial buildings, with well-kept lawns in front. The county fair grounds cover twenty acres of land upon which are well-appointed buildings. A mile from the village is a beautiful body of water, called Great Pond. The water is as clear as crystal, with a fine sand bottom, and on the south are high bluffs from which can be seen the ocean. Cauliflower and sweet potatoes are raised in large quantities, and in the spring carloads of strawberries are sent to market daily. Even peanuts have been successfully raised in this fertile soil, and several cranberry bogs are profitably cultivated. Two miles from Riverhead is Flanders, a modest resort, where sailing, fishing, and bathing are among the many attractions.

## PECONIC BAY RESORTS.

At Jamesport is a resort, which has been so popular in recent years that the hotels and boarding-houses have been unable to accommodate the rush of summer guests. The popularity of the place is easily understood. It stands at the head of Peconic Bay, the yachtsman's favorite domain and the tourist's delight, while pleasant roads offer delightful drives through a charming rural region. The boating in Peconic Bay is regarded by some as even superior to that



PECONIC BAY.

in the Great South Bay. There is direct communication with the Sound ; the fishing is excellent. The slope from the shores is so gradual that children can go in bathing and paddle about in boats with comparative safety. There is much life and gayety at Jamesport, and those who go there once are apt to become permanent visitors. Mattituck is a quiet country village, and never wants for boarders. The epicure can be especially favored by the number and quality of crabs that are caught in the lake-like inlet or creek which

forms so pleasant a feature of the view to the north of the village. The inhabitants are a thrifty class of people, judging by the commodious and well-kept houses and by the harvests which the land annually gives forth. For those who are seeking rural homes near New York no more desirable locations can possibly be found than in this section of Long Island. Not only is the land excellent, but the scenery and climate are not surpassed in the State. Franklinville is near by. Cutchogue, another of these north side villages, is famous for its fine horses as well as its attractive homes. It is a place frequented by artists in the summer. A mile and a half toward the bay is New Suffolk, which has been an old and popular resort for forty years or more. Opposite this point, and distant a few minute's sail, is Robins Island, a famous hunting preserve, owned by the Robins Island Gun Club, an organization composed of prominent Brooklyn gentlemen. The island contains four hundred and sixty-nine acres of land. It is diversified with hills, cliffs, forests, fertile fields, and sand beaches.

Continuing eastward by the railroad is Southold, a place which disputes the claim of Southampton as being the oldest settlement on the island. The purchase of Southold was made of the Indians as early as August 1640, by a colony of Englishmen from New Haven, led by Rev. John Youngs, who in October of that year organized a Church, which is still alive and prosperous. In a short time the settlement was well established. The Southold of to-day is an attractive village with clean streets, houses newly painted, and lawns well kept. A homelike atmosphere pervades the place. It is but a short walk to Peconic Bay and only a mile distant to the Sound. There are five churches, a newspaper, a hotel, and numerous boarding-houses. There are several handsome residences in the place. On Horton's Point, north of the village, is an important light-house. The next station beyond is Greenport, the terminus of the railroad. It was formerly a famous port for whaling vessels, but now the inhabitants devote themselves principally to ship-building, railroad-ing, menhaden fishing, and caring for the wants of summer visitors. It has an excellent harbor, one of the finest on the Atlantic coast, which has recently been much improved by the building of a break-water. It has nearly three thousand inhabitants, with a bank, fire department, two newspapers, and seven churches. There is a steamboat running between Greenport and New London, and hourly communication with Shelter Island by a ferry. It has been a

popular summer resort for many years. It is a historic place—the house now standing where Washington put up for a night in 1757; another where Whitefield stopped and wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass “One thing is needful.”

The easternmost point of the northern arm of the island is Orient, an interesting place, where many wealthy gentlemen have built homes for themselves. There is a hotel and a few boarding-houses. The town is rich in attractions of land and water. Only a mile east of Orient is Plum Island, the paradise of sportsmen.



ORIENT POINT.

### SHELTER ISLAND.

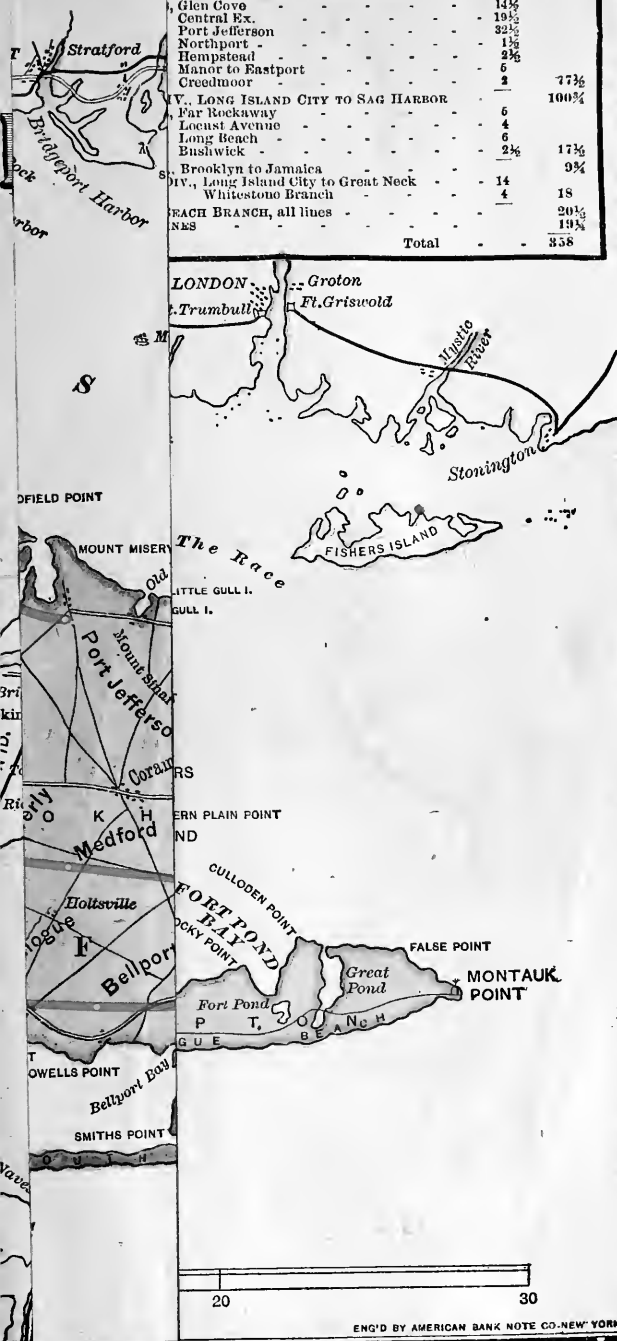
An old writer once said that God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but he doubted if he ever did. So a finer island than Shelter Island might have been dropped into the waters, but where it can be found, what traveler can tell? The branching arms of Long Island hold it lovingly as a rare jewel, clasped by its golden settings, and no element of beauty seems lacking to make it incomparable among islands. It is irregular in outline, with cliffs and promontories dropping into tiny coves and bays, with little beaches and shores rich with all the sweet deliciousness that shells and moss can give, while before it and around it are the blue waters of Peconic and Gardiner's bays and the distant Atlantic. Backward from the shore there are delightful pastoral scenes—hills and dales, dense woods, sunny fields with opening vistas of the encircling seas, while from its many summits, anchored not far away, may be seen a vision

“Of islands that together lie  
As quietly as spots of sky  
Amongst the evening clouds.”

This island with its well-sheltered harbor has borne a prominent part in the annals of our country. When the Puritans of New

# AGE OF THE LONG ISLAND R. R.

|                                      | MILES.  |
|--------------------------------------|---------|
| LONG ISLAND CITY TO GREENPORT        | 91 3/4  |
| Glen Cove                            | 14 1/2  |
| Central Ex.                          | 19 1/2  |
| Port Jefferson                       | 32 1/2  |
| Northport                            | 13 1/2  |
| Hempstead                            | 2 1/2   |
| Manor to Eastport                    | 5       |
| Creedmoor                            | 2       |
| V. LONG ISLAND CITY TO SAG HARBOR    | 177 1/2 |
| Far Rockaway                         | 6       |
| Locust Avenue                        | 4       |
| Long Beach                           | 6       |
| Bushwick                             | 2 1/2   |
| Brooklyn to Jamaica                  | 17 1/2  |
| DIV., Long Island City to Great Neck | 9 1/2   |
| Whitestone Branch                    | 18      |
| EACH BRANCH, all lines               | 20 1/2  |
| INES                                 | 19 1/2  |
| Total                                | 358     |









MAI OF

# LONG ISLAND

AND ITS

## Railroad & Steamship Lines

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England, who fled from persecution, became themselves the persecutors of the Quakers, this island of Manhasset became a shelter for George Fox and his followers. Nathaniel Sylvester, lord of the manor, though not a Quaker himself, greatly sympathized with the persecuted people and furnished them with a harbor of refuge, and the welcome thus accorded has been immortalized by the Quaker poet Whittier, in the verses :

\*   \*   \*   \*

So from his last home to the darkening main,  
 Bodeful of storm, strong Macy hied his way ;  
 And when the green shore blended with the gray,  
 His poor wife moaned : " Let us turn back again."  
 " Nay, woman weak of faith, kneel down," said he,  
 " And say thy prayers ; the Lord himself will steer.  
 And led by Him nor man nor devils fear."  
 So the gray Southwicks, from the rainy sea  
 Saw, far and faint, the loom of land, and gave,  
 With feeble voices, thanks for friendly ground  
 Whereon to rest their weary feet, and found  
 A peaceful death-bed and a quiet grave,  
 Where, ocean walled, and wiser than his age,  
 The Lord of Shelter scorned the bigot's rage.

\*   \*   \*   \*

A monument has recently been erected bearing inscriptions commemorating these early events. Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, occupies in the summer the Shelter Island Manor House, over one hundred years old. It is near the site of the original Sylvester mansion.

The growth of Shelter Island as a place of resort has been quite remarkable. It contains every variety of natural scenery and the best of boating facilities. About sixteen years ago it came into public notice, when by an act of the Legislature "The Shelter Island Grove and Camp Meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church" was incorporated. About three hundred acres of land on the north side of the island were purchased. It is now known as Shelter Island Heights, and has its own post-office. The camp-meeting feature of the place did not last long, and some eight years ago the property came into the control of several prominent and highly respectable gentlemen, who have since managed the affairs of the Association in a satisfactory manner. Sanitary arrangements are perfect, a large reservoir supplies all the houses with pure spring water, and the restrictions imposed are such as



keep out all nuisances. The Association runs a large hotel, the Prospect House and Annex, superbly located, with a fine view of the harbor, and supplied with every convenience of a thoroughly equipped hotel. It is under



SHELTER ISLAND.

the management of Mr. D. P. Hathaway. There are over one hundred and fifty cottages in the Association, ranging in value from \$3,000 upwards, and not a few of them occupied by gentlemen of national reputations. There are twenty miles of excellent roads, and the driving and horse-back riding can hardly be improved. There is no surf bathing, but good and safe still-water bathing. Athletic grounds have been laid out, and tennis courts, and there is a Shelter Island Yacht Club with large membership. About two miles from the heights is the territory of the Manhasset Association, upon which has been erected a large hotel, the Manhasset House, and several handsome cottages. It is an attractive part of the island.

Seaward from Shelter Island is Gardiner's Island, nine miles long and half a mile wide, owned by the Gardiners for two hundred and fifty years. It was purchased from the Indians, and occupied in 1639 by Lyon Gardiner, the first Englishman who settled in this State. It is a long, sun-lit island, and is abundantly supplied with game, fruits, and flowers, with excellent soil for cultivation. Legend has it that Captain Kidd buried some of his treasures on this island a year or two before his execution. A commission was sent

out and dug up a chest containing seven hundred and eighty-three ounces of gold, eight hundred and fifty ounces of silver, and a quantity of diamonds, rubies, pearls, silk and satin cloths. The Squire's Hall contains souvenirs of Captain Kidd, among other things a valuable silk shawl, which the pirate gave Mr. Gardiner. The present colony on the island consists of about one hundred men, women, and children, who are employed at farming, gardening, and stock-raising.

## THE NORTH SHORE.

Long Island on its north shore is entirely different in physical aspect from the south side. The latter has plains and beaches, besides its remarkable outlying sand-spits, while the former is high ground, a pile of glacial drift, corrugated by hillocks and valleys, and cut into by a series of a dozen harbors, narrow, somewhat too shallow for vessels of deep draught, but safe anchorage for yachts, of which a fleet will generally be found off Flushing, Great Neck, Roslyn, Glen Cove, Oyster Bay, Huntington, Northport, and Port Jefferson. The southern face of the hills is a gradual slope, advantageous for crops requiring quick drainage and sunny exposure, while the northern face has been eroded by the waves of the Sound until it falls away in steep and often precipitous bluffs of gravel that occasionally rise one hundred feet above the water. At the foot of these bluffs are beaches, dissimilar to the broad, hard sands of Fire Island and Rockaway, for they are narrow and strewn with boulders, though bathing is always feasible from them, and one may more readily wade into deeper water. There is but little surf, as breakers gain small sea-room in the Sound. The hills of the north side constitute "the backbone of the island," and while they are not bold, they are agreeable and sometimes picturesque, much of their surface being clothed with forest and dotted with new and substantial villas and summer homes. The highest point is Harbor Hill, near Roslyn, about three hundred and fifty feet in altitude. Like all the heights in this range, it commands a splendid view of the green fields and forests to east and south, the shining Sound below, and the cultivated shores of Westchester and Connecticut to the northwest and north. The air is pure, the drainage is facilitated by light soil and by valleys with a seaward trend; wild flowers and fruits flourish, vegetation is rich and beautiful;

little brooks babble through the forest dells, and the forest aisles resound with songs of birds. In the pine and oak regions the hunter or the traveler might easily imagine himself in the fastnesses of an Adirondack wilderness, were it not for the lack of peaks in the field of vision. These hills will undoubtedly be taken up in time as homesteads by people of taste and means, since the attractions, both of the country and seaside, are accessible from the cities, and are "handy" to safe harbors. The little towns that nestle between the headlands have obvious comfort, and may be resorted to for their shops, factories, schools, and churches, while summer board is to be secured in all of them.

A little chain of towns, extending from Brooklyn to Great Neck, is served by branches of the Long Island railroad, over which forty to fifty trains a day are dispatched. These towns may be regarded as centring about Flushing, and are cozy places that are furnished with numerous modern conveniences. Woodside and Winfield, respectively three and four miles from Long Island City, occupy rising ground, and many pretty villas stand there. In Newtown there are not a few fine old places, though the township is occupied mainly by market-gardens, from which New York and Brooklyn are supplied with tons of vegetables during the season. Corona is a hopeful little suburb that is built on a good plan, and a couple of miles beyond it the passenger may alight at either of the two stations in Flushing. It would be difficult to say which town on Long Island is the more attractive, but if a decision of the public were taken on this subject it is certain that Flushing would not fare ill in general verdict, for it is a charming town, with an individuality of its own. Its long business street has the look of a city thoroughfare in spite of the trees that almost arch it, for there are stores, banks, hotels, restaurants, agencies, and newspaper offices, and on the clean and shaded side streets and avenues are churches and schools, and many homes that bespeak the possession of comfortable bank accounts, as well as of taste and moderate leisure. Some of the houses are sufficiently quaint and ancient to take on an old-world aspect. There is a park in the business centre, and famous nurseries on the skirts of the town. Flushing has a gas and water service, and is protected by firemen and police. Its schools, among them St. Joseph's Academy, Fairchild's Institute, St. Michael's, the Young Ladies' Seminary, and the High School, are attended by many pupils from other places, and are noted for efficiency. Col-

lege Point occupies the stubby cape between Flushing Bay and the Sound, and is devoted to manufactures. Its streets are well paved; it has gas, water, sewerage, and fire-engines, and it is better cared for than most factory settlements, for it has a free technological institute, library, kindergarten, reading-room, several good schools, a bank, a newspaper, shops, and churches. Whitestone, on a well-drained slope where the East River debouches into the Sound, is gathering a considerable population of city workers, and stands near the fort and Government reservation at Willett's Point, to which visitors are often attracted by engineer practice, drill, gunnery experiments, and band concerts.

Bay Side, Douglaston, and Little Neck are small and quiet places on Little Neck Bay, where the famous Little Neck clam is found on its "native heath." These are places of savory suggestion to many a New Yorker, and the seat of many fine residences and substantial farm-houses. The roads, hedged by noble old trees, wind along close to the bluff, disclosing rare views of land and water. Great Neck, fourteen miles from the western terminus of the road, is of limited importance as a village, but is the summer seat of many rich New Yorkers, and contains many elegant mansions and rich estates. This promontory, or great neck of land, juts out into the Sound for a distance of about two miles, and has a superb water front on two sides. The ground is high, the roads are sheltered by trees and edged with wild flowers and berry-bushes, and the salt breezes sweeping in from the Sound keep the thermometer several degrees lower than it is in New York during the August heats. The drives are enjoyable, the views superb, and the tables of the community are furnished from scores of well-managed gardens, farms, and dairies. Bathing and boating are common enjoyments through the summer. A little beyond Great Neck is the secluded village of Manhasset.

Another promontory to the east of Great Neck juts out into the Sound a still greater distance, and has every vantage point that heart could desire. Here, too, have been erected costly residences, surrounded by foliage and evergreen hedges. Sands Point is where the steamers stop, and where the fleet of pleasure-boats are anchored.

## ROSLYN TO OYSTER BAY.

The Glen Cove branch of the railroad diverges from the main line at Mineola, and passes through one of the most beautiful por-

tions of the island. The terminus is at Oyster Bay, the road having been extended the past year from Locust Valley. To fully appreciate the beauties of this region one must leave the railroad and travel along the woodland roads, and from the hills and high bluffs view the numerous bays, inlets, and delightful vistas of blue waters, with the sails of vessels going up and down the Sound. Wherever one wanders among these wooded hills, if he is a lover of beauty,

“He cannot err in this delicious land,”

for there is forest and bay, with distant hills and valleys, while all around him are surprises of pleasant dells,

“With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks  
To lie and nod in, sloping into brooks.”

Were these places unknown it would be fit to describe in detail their many advantages, but for years Roslyn, Glen Cove, Sea Cliff, and Oyster Bay have been written about in prose and verse, and their beauties delineated by the artist's pencil. Men of means have built palatial homes, and poets and authors have sought rest and quiet there. Who has not heard of Roslyn? At the old toll-house at the summit of the hill, at the foot of which is Roslyn, one gets the first glimpse of the little town, which is memorable as containing the home where the poet Bryant lived and the grave where his ashes rest. The village is in the valley, divided by an inlet from Hempstead Harbor, which runs backward to the hills, and across which is a narrow causeway, over which the railroad winds. Northward is a little stretch of marsh, which the tides keep sweet and clean, and beyond is the harbor, white with the sails of oystermen, and in the distance, across the Sound, are the hills of Connecticut, and bounding the harbor on either side are great hills, thick with foliage, in which great estates and castles rise among the branches, and look off upon the waters of the bay. Half a mile or more on the road which lies eastward of the harbor is Cedar-mere, the home of Bryant. Here he wrote some of his best songs, and here he came when in mood of inspiration. The house is large and rambling, the frame being at least a century old. There are broad piazzas, quiet nooks and coverts, extensions and sub-extensions, and the house is high enough above the waters to get the effect of intervening lawns, yet not too far to hear the music of the waves. There is a great variety of trees about the place,





ROSLYN.

with ivy and clambering vines, truly a poet's home, where in spring it learns to

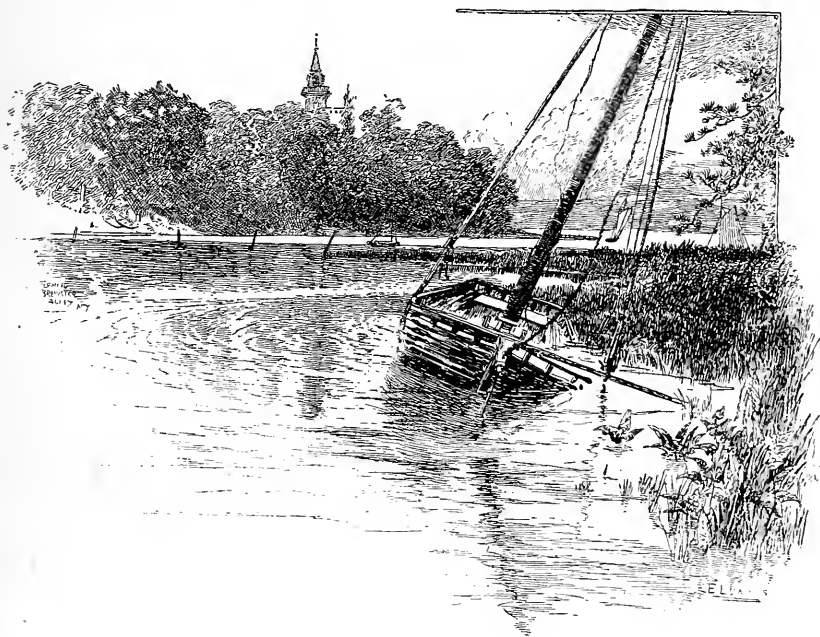
"Wear the green coronal of leaves,  
And a thousand suns could not add aught  
Of splendor in the grass."

The grave of Bryant is in the village cemetery, about a mile away. Mr. Parke Goodwin owns one of the many fine estates about Roslyn. The highest elevation on Long Island is the summit back of the village, and from the observatory which surmounts it can be seen the surrounding country for miles about. Roslyn has a paper-mill, the oldest in the State, a flouring-mill, a good hotel, and is a very popular place in summer. Beyond are Glen Head, a picturesque and growing resort, and Sea Cliff, possessing one of the

most superb locations on all Long Island. The ground rises abruptly from the shore for several hundred feet, and upon the bluff which skirts the village can be had views of the Sound that for beauty cannot be rivaled. Cottages stud the banks, which rise tier upon tier after the manner of seats in an amphitheatre. Shade trees abound and make pleasant music to the touch of the winds that play among their branches. Well-constructed roads in every direction, shaded by large trees, afford opportunities for driving and riding. Knolls and hills, studded with many varieties of wild flowers, invite ascent. Sea Cliff is a very lively place in the summer season, and several hotels and numerous boarding-houses are taxed to their utmost to accommodate all the guests who seek admission, the largest hotel being the Sea Cliff House, first-class in appointment, with accommodations for three hundred guests, while every year witnesses a large increase in the number of cottages owned by city people. The village was originally owned by the Sea Cliff Grove and Metropolitan Camp-Meeting Association, and after several years of vicissitudes the land passed out of the control of the Association, and the only camp-meetings now held are by the German Methodists. It is needless to add that the boating and bathing are excellent. To the east, by pleasant roads, is Glen Cove, where a different condition of affairs is noted. The same beautiful scenery and bracing air is seen and felt, but the village presents the appearance of a busy and prosperous town, one that is not dependent in any way upon the influx of city folks in vacation time. The Duryea Starch Factory is located there, giving employment to seven hundred people, and upon the business streets are other factories and many well-kept stores. The village is itself attractive, while the drives in every direction are surpassingly beautiful. Two miles away is the famous Island of Dosoris, where the Hon. Charles A. Dana has a park and a fine residence, which are constant sources of attraction to visitors. Boarding-houses and hotels are plentiful, but no more than sufficient to meet the demands of summer travel. At Glen Cove, as well as at all these north-side towns, there is always a cool breeze from the Sound at night, making a blanket an acceptable article. Excellent facilities are offered for boating and bathing. The fishing at all times is good, and from the middle of July to December many a pleasant day may be spent in hunting plover or bay snipe. At Locust Valley, a quiet village between the hills, and along the shores of the

Sound one may find a pleasant abiding-place. Among the curious old landmarks is the Friends' Academy, erected one hundred and twenty years ago, and endowed as a school for higher education by Gideon Frost. The main street is lined with wooden houses of old-time pattern, and big locust-trees which give abundant shade, while in every direction are pleasant walks and drives, and to those who seek a quiet retreat none more desirable can be found.

Until this year Locust Valley has been the terminus of the Glen Cove branch, but now Oyster Bay has that distinction. Notwithstanding the fact that the permanent inhabitants of Oyster Bay desired and were entitled to this extension of the railroad, there were many among the summer visitors who opposed it, fearing that with the coming of the cars the quiet town would lose much of the exclusiveness for which it has been noted. Such fears will doubtless prove to be groundless, for the class of people who bring discredit upon a place and make it common prefer to seek resorts nearer the cities. Oyster Bay will remain just as exclusive and just as charming as in years past, when it was reached by a long and



NEAR SEA CLIFF.

wearisome stage-ride. It is indeed a pretty village, and it is not strange that property owners zealously guard its interests. Situated directly on a beautiful bay, the boating facilities are unsurpassed, a fact easily seen on a summer's day by counting the yachts and pleasure-boats which harbor there. It is the headquarters for several prominent yacht-clubs, and regattas and rowing-races are frequently held during the season. The drives are numerous and delightful. The place is noted for its many fine residences. There are several old homesteads which played important parts in the early history of the country, and many relics of colonial times are to be found. At one time the Quakers had a footing there.

### COLD SPRING TO PORT JEFFERSON.

Beyond Oyster Bay is Cold Spring, reached by the railroad of the Port Jefferson branch. No better evidence of the popularity of this place need be mentioned than the fact that the rush of summer travel is so great that many visitors are turned away because of lack of accommodation, notwithstanding the large number of excellent hotels and boarding-houses. Every year an attempt is made to meet this demand, but it has never yet been fully accomplished. The ride from the depot to the village and to the harbor is picturesque at every point, and each turn of the road reveals some new surprise: it may be a trout-pond hidden in the woods, or a bit of pastoral scenery, or a glimpse of the bay through an opening in the trees, or perhaps a handsome residence. And then the harbor itself is more than a surprise, it is a revelation. Whether seen from the surrounding hills or from the sandy beaches, it is an inspiring sight, more beautiful than words can describe. Crafts of every kind find safe harbor there. The fishing must be good, for there is located a fish hatchery under the supervision of the New York Fish Commission, where each year are hatched thousands of brook trout, rainbow trout, land-locked salmon, lake trout, shad, whitefish, smelts, tom-cods, lobsters, and Penobscot salmon. Since 1883, 17,892,772 fish have been distributed on Long Island from this hatchery. On the terraced and wood-covered hills which bound the bay are large hotels which are provided with all modern conveniences. The Glenada, Laurelton Hall, and Forest Lawn are among the best known. In the past Cold Spring has been a manufacturing village of no small

County by an act of the Legislature and made a part of the town of Huntington. At the extreme end of the neck are the remains of an old fort, which in revolutionary times was occupied by the British troops.

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CENTREPORT HARBOR.

lished. The location of Huntington has been likened to the Roman Coliseum, and the comparison is proper. The surrounding hills recede with fine gradations, and from their summits are views of Huntington Bay, Eaton's Neck, Lloyd's Neck, and Long Island Sound, and from one or two points Babylon, Islip, and Fire Island. The harbor is about a mile from the village, beautifully situated amid encircling hills, its windings concealed from view, so that it resembles a mountain lake much more than an arm of the sea. It is usually dotted with yachts and boats that are kept in frequent use by the lovers of the waves. After the battle of Long Island, Huntington was selected by the English as a place for a garrison and permanent occupancy, and many relics in the place recall those memorable times. In the burying-ground is a gravestone marked by a cannon ball, and on Gallows Hill are remains of a fort. Huntington is growing rapidly as a resort. A large tract of land on the bay has been purchased by capitalists, who are making it a village of handsome residences clustered in a magnificent park. There are many large estates with fine houses and extensive gardens and

lawns. West Neck is one of the charming points along the shore, and is already occupied by many wealthy New Yorkers. Mr. J. R. Maxwell is the owner of one hundred acres, where he has erected an elegant house. The grounds are laid out with great taste, and the estate ranks among the most notable of its class. Near the village is the Suffolk Driving Park, one of the best on the island, and every year becoming more popular.

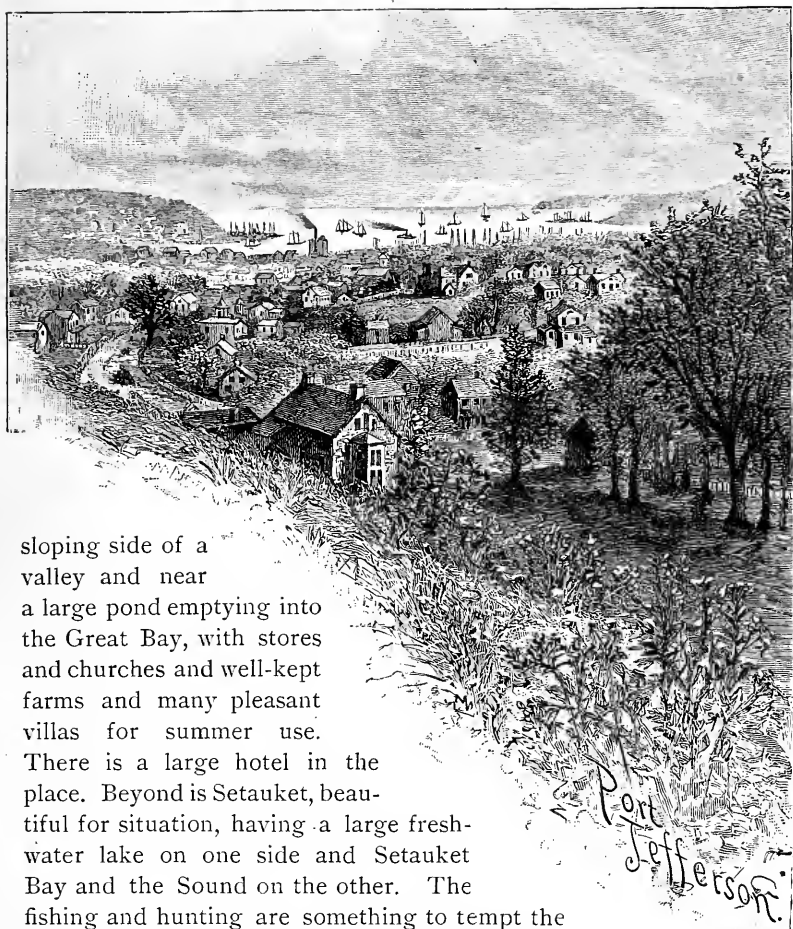
The scenery about Greenlawn and Centreport is much the same. They nestle among the hills and have a long stretch of the Sound penetrating far inland, and offer as good a vantage ground for an economical vacation as can be desired. And then comes Northport, charmingly set around a harbor that makes in from Huntington Bay, which has often been likened to the Bay of Naples. It is as beautiful as any harbor in the land. So completely is it landlocked, that from the village it seems more like a great lake. The long semicircle of Eaton's Neck, a spit of land shaped like a fish-hook, guards it from the Sound and makes it the safest of havens. Its entrance is narrow, but deep and easy of access. On either side of the harbor rise the hills, thickly crowned with forests, and at its head lies a green meadow. Northport once flourished with ship-building, and owned a fine fleet of vessels. Some part of the industry lingers, and until very recently vessels of eight hundred or one thousand tons have been launched from the stocks. The fleet now consists of a score or more of coasting schooners, and a swarm of oyster and fishing-smacks and pleasure-boats. Three ship-yards are kept busy repairing and building. There is a large printing establishment, enterprising stores, two hotels, and several boarding-houses. As a place of summer resort Northport is very popular among the north-side villages. Eaton's Neck, which scans both Sound and harbor, is a high peninsula and headland, where is located the famous Bacon farm and the palatial residence of the late Mr. C. H. Delamater. Duck Island is within easy distance, where extensive improvements are now in progress.

St. Johnland, the next place to Northport, is destined to become celebrated for its eleemosynary institutions. The late Dr. Muhlenberg several years ago started a benevolent enterprise which now embraces a variety of charitable objects, among which are the care and education of crippled and destitute children, the training of boys and girls, and a home for indigent, disabled, and friendless old men. Commodious buildings, superbly located, were erected, and

the institution, under the supervision of the Episcopal Church, has been and is productive of a great amount of good. The proper care and treatment of insane patients is a problem that confronts every country. Like the poor, the demented are always with us, and humanity demands that they shall be properly cared for. To crowd thousands of insane people in our public asylums, as is too often done in many of the large cities, is not only a disgrace to our civilization, but a crime. Medical experts have shown that by the system of isolated cottages, with plenty of air and light about them, with a limited number of patients in each, reason is often restored to the unfortunates, a thing impossible in a crowded asylum. Other countries have made this experiment with large success, and in one or two instances it has been tried to advantage in this country. The Kings County authorities determined some three years ago to join in this movement of reform, and consequently purchased nine hundred and fifty acres of highly cultivated land at St. Johnland, where they propose ultimately to bring all their insane patients, and, possibly, some of their poor-house inmates. The land borders on the water, is high, rolling, and well wooded, offering excellent facilities for drainage, and within easy distance of the railroad. The first cost of the property was about \$100,000. The present estimated value of the whole establishment is \$1,750,000, and a large amount of money is yet to be expended. Over seven hundred insane people are already on the grounds, and as soon as new cottages are erected they will be occupied. It is expected that many of the patients will be able to assist in the cultivation of the land and in other forms of beneficial out-of-door labor. The New York City authorities have started a similar enterprise at Central Islip.

This whole region in the vicinity of St. Johnland, Smithtown, St. James, and Stony Brook is covered with excellent farms, and, while it is a quiet rural district with small and unpretentious villages, it offers great attraction to a large class of city people who are seeking just such retreats. The shores are fronted with precipitous cliffs, and the bays and inlets furnish superior boating, fishing, and bathing. The drives are among woods of tall and shapely trees and through green fields, while fresh-water lakes here and there make summer pilgrimage a thing of great delight. A few hotels and many hospitable farm-houses provide the visitors with pleasant temporary homes. At Comac is a farm famous for its fine horses. Stony Brook is an especially attractive village, stretching along the





sloping side of a valley and near a large pond emptying into the Great Bay, with stores and churches and well-kept farms and many pleasant villas for summer use. There is a large hotel in the place. Beyond is Setauket, beautiful for situation, having a large fresh-water lake on one side and Setauket Bay and the Sound on the other. The fishing and hunting are something to tempt the most exacting sportsman. A large rubber goods manufactory gives employment to many people. To those who delight in ante-revolutionary relics, two quaint old shingled churches with burying-grounds containing moss-covered gravestones, will prove of interest. It is said that when Washington visited this portion of Long Island he spent a night at Setauket, stopping at an inn kept by a zealous Tory. The General did not make himself known until he was taking his departure, when he kissed the landlord's little daughter, saying to her that after he had gone she might tell her parents that George Washington had kissed her.

Two miles to the east is Port Jefferson, the terminus of the railroad. The main portion of the village is in a valley. The streets are irregular, and houses and stores have been built with slight regard to street lines and architectural grace. It is a curious and odd town, but strikingly interesting. The greatest charm is the harbor, one of the finest on the north shore. It is well protected by natural and artificial breakwaters, and serves the purpose of pleasure-boats and large ships as well. Upon both sides are lofty hills covered with trees with a commanding view of the Sound and the Connecticut shore. It is as a ship-building port that Port Jefferson is especially noted. A few old hulls, the frame of a half-completed vessel, and numerous ship-yards give evidence of the activity that once existed and made Port Jefferson known the world over. The sailing ship has gradually given way to the steamer, and America has lost its hold on that once important industry of vessel-building. Port Jefferson has suffered with other places, but no town between New York and Boston, even now, both in building and repairing vessels, excels this quaint and enterprising village. Many associated industries exist. A steamer ferry crosses the Sound to Bridgeport. There are fine views from its overlooking hills, while there are many quaint nooks and walks of great attractiveness to the visitor. The place has great charms for its residents, and a delightful social life exists. It has long been popular as a summer home, and its popularity has not been eclipsed by the attraction of newer resorts.

Northwest of Port Jefferson Harbor is Oldfield Point, a quiet place, known to many pleasure seekers, and to the east, beyond the railroad, are Mount Sinai, Miller's Place, Rocky Point, and Middle Island, retired country settlements, where visitors can find many charming summer homes. The scenery is beautiful, and sport with rod and gun always at hand.

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We have taken our gentle readers with hasty flight through all the sections of the island that is dowered with so many charms. Only a touch of the foot here and there could be permitted by limitations of time and space. If the friends who have followed us in our hasty rambles will make their summer homes in some one of the many places of rest and beauty we have pictured, we are certain they will find that each day will reveal new graces; for in this fair island

“He who lingers longest is the happiest.”

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*John*

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*[Signature]*







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